AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF THE

REV. SAMUEL HUBER,

ELDER IN THE CHURCH OF THE

UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST:

CONTAINING SKETCHES OF HIS LIFE, AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE; ILLUSTRATED WITH DEEPLY INTERESTING AND AFFECTING FACTS AND INCIDENTS, SHOWING FORTH THE WORK OF GOD IN THE CONVERSION OF SOULS, &C., &C.

EDITED BY JOHN DENIG,

AUTHOR OF THE "MOURNERS' BENCH," &C.

"The Lord hath brought forth our righteousness: come and let us declare in Zion the work of the Lord our God."

Jeremiah 51: 1.

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PREFACE.

For some years past, I have been frequently importuned to publish my life and experience as a preacher of the Gospel. But, inasmuch as I did not think that the events of my life were such as to warrant their publication to the world, in book form, I declined to yield to this solicitation until within a short time prior to the date of this work. The repeated requests of my friends have at length prevailed, and I have consented to publish such matters connected with the first pioneer preachers of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, as came within my own observation, hearing and experience, and which are set forth in the following pages.

I am fully aware, that my productions will not suit the fastidious tastes of some of the more highly educated preachers and people; still, as mankind differ much in taste and mind, some of them may be benefited by reading these imperfect sketches. It must be borne in mind, that, in my youth, the facilities for acquiring an education were not so abundant as they are now. Our scholarship then, was in German. Dilworth and the Bible were our

school books. When we could read them, it was considered that we had passed the ordeal of erudition. What English I learned, was gathered from among the people in conversation. I cannot now read or write English.

Before I proceed further, I will also remark, that the circumstances related in this book, did not, in all instances, take place in the same order of time in which they are recorded. This confusion as to time, arises from the fact, that I never kept a journal. Had I done so, I could have given my statements in a more regular order than that in which they are presented; and also many additional facts and incidents, which would be interesting to the present age. Those which I have given in this work, except what relates to my family and a trip to the west, are given altogether from memory. I cannot now call to recollection the precise dates of the occurrences connected with a pilgrimage of over sixty years.

Moreover, as a work of this kind must necessarily contain seeming repetitions, by recording similar scenes on different occasions, I have, therefore, made abrupt digressions, by inserting articles not exactly in the same category with what immediately precedes or follows. This is done to afford

variety and to prevent monotony, so that the reader may not become tired out, before he gets through.

I will state a matter here, which I wish to be borne in mind throughout the perusal of this work, so that I may not be charged with egotism, and that is, that in every occurrence recorded in these sketches, with which I was personally or otherwise connected in doing good, I have given the FACTS, without ascribing any merit or glory pertaining to them to myself in any degree whatever. I know that "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," and therefore must ever say, "To God be all the glory."

Moreover, I must add, that some of the cases recorded in this work did not occur *precisely* in the same manner in which they are stated. I have, however, presented them in such forms as embrace the SUM and SUBSTANCE of the matter related, as nearly as this can be done, to be clearly understood.

And now by way of closing this introduction, I will say, that this book is sent forth into the world without any pecuniary remuneration on my part whatever. My sole object in its preparation and publication, is to do good. I hope it may be read

with attention, and by that means, become an instrument to promote the cause of God. To this end, I have introduced into it deeply interesting facts and affecting incidents, well calculated to impress the heart and produce emotions of a spiritual nature. If, however, I have, in any degree, necessarily *hit a little*, be assured it is done from the best of motives, and with the kindest of feelings. I cherish no ill will towards any being on earth, and as my earthly race is fast drawing to a close, I wish to leave the world in peace and good will towards all men. At the same time, I ask the indulgence of my readers with regard to the errors of this work, and desire the forgiveness of God and of mankind, for the errors of my past life. I also earnestly request the prayers of the Church, so that, after I take my departure from this life, I may meet many of those in whose conversion I was made instrumental, together with all my faithful brethren in the ministry and in the Church, around the throne above, there to ascribe the victory and glory of our salvation to God and to the Lamb throughout eternity.

SAMUEL HUBER.

Rocky Spring, March 1st, 1858.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE—FIRST UNITED BRETHREN PREACHERS.

According to the most correct information I can obtain, my Grand Father, Christian Huber, emigrated from the Palatinate, in Germany, between the years 1727 and 1736. He settled near New Holland, Lancaster county, Pa., from whence my father, John Huber, moved to the Rocky Spring, Franklin county, Pa., at the time the Indians lived near the North Mountain.

At one time during the Revolutionary war, my father hauled a load of wheat from his farm to Newport, near Philadelphia, where he sold it. On his return homeward through Shippensburg, an American recruiting officer took passage in his wagon to Chambersburg. When they came to Col. Crawford's farm at the Conococheague creek, the officer handed him a written paper. After reading it, he threw it away, upon which the officer clapped him upon the shoulder, saying, "I have pressed you for

the army. You are my soldier." My father expostulated with him against the impropriety of his conduct, as it was not lawful to impress men in that way. The officer said: "You must either go with me, or pay so much money." In order to get clear, he gave him all the money he had, went home, and told the circumstance to his neighbors, Messrs. Grove, Burkholder, Culbertson, and others.

In the mean time, the officer went to Chambersburg, and took up his quarters in the house standing on the corner of Main and King streets, which was then kept as a tavern, and for many years after that, was occupied by Peter Cook. The idea of a man being robbed in that way by an American officer, did not correspond with the notions of "liberty" these cultivators of the soil entertained at the time. Therefore, very soon, thirty or forty of them collected together, armed themselves with guns, pitch forks, axes, and other implements of destruction, and went to Chambersburg. It was in the night. They surrounded the tavern. The officer was in bed quietly *snoosing* at the time. One of the party fired a bullet into the gable end of the house, which awoke and alarmed him. He sprang out of bed, and, in his haste to escape, came

running down stairs in his shirt, holding his pants in his hands. He was soon arrested, and returned to my father his money. He was then placed in irons and sent to the Carlisle jail, which was the last my father heard of him.

I was born January 31st, 1782. My parents were members of the Mennonite Society. Before the United Brethren in Christ preached in our parts, my father's house was the regular place for Mennonite preaching. After the United Brethren preachers began to preach the Gospel here, the Mennonite preachers ceased to preach at my father's house. The first United Brethren preachers, who came amongst us, were William Otterbein, George A. Guething, Martin Boehm, Christian Newcomer, Joseph Hoffman, John Neiding, Martin Crider, Abraham Draksel, Christopher Grosh, Phelix Light, Christian Smith, Mr. Zentmire, with a few others. These were the pioneers of the United Brethren in our parts.

This was the only preaching place for our Brethren between Harrisburg, Pa., and Hagerstown, Md., as father Newcomer freqnently told us. Times were not then as they now are, respecting stopping places for preachers. Now a days, preachers can make appointments with-

in a few hours' travel of each other. At the time alluded to, they had frequently to travel from forty to sixty miles, to reach an appointment, and that, without even having accommodations for man or horse, excepting at taverns. It was not, however, because there was not sufficient provisions in the country to entertain travelers, that they had no stopping places. The reason that people refused to give those preachers entertainment, was: They were looked upon as false prophets, deceivers, and bewitchers of the people.

Such indeed was the ignorance, superstition, and blindness of the people, upon the subject of true religion, that they were afraid to entertain a preacher of this sort, fearing, that if once in the house, he would bewitch the whole family, and in many instances, refusing to shake hands with them, for fear of becoming spell bound. But, as the preaching of these *false prophets*, so called, tended to create an excitement upon the public mind, different in its effects, from that powerless moral Theology, so prevalent in that dark age, curiosity frequently led people out to hear what these "*babblers*" had to say; and those preachers, having been brought out of their old *nests* (*religious dogmas*),

through the power of God's converting grace, their preaching took deep root, and produced results such as always attend a ministry seconded by the Spirit of God.

At one time, near the Rocky Spring, at father Boehm's appointment, a certain Mr. W——, being anxious to hear what this false prophet had to say, after many foreboding fears upon the subject, at length took courage to go and hear him. Such, however, was his apprehension of evil, lest he should become *spell bound* and bewitched by the preacher, that, with great caution, he took his seat behind the door, thinking, no doubt, should he feel the moving of the spell upon him, he could make a rapid egress before he would be completely bound up. Whilst hearing the word preached, he thought the whole discourse was directed to him alone. He also afterward blamed my father for telling the preacher all about him, although my father had not spoken to him upon the subject. But such were the effects of God's word upon his heart, that he became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. His convictions increased during some months. In the fall, he had neglected to haul in his fire wood, and so was unprepared for winter. A heavy snow had fallen. While pondering over his situation, it was sug-

gested to his mind that, as he had not made preparation for cold weather, even so he was also unprepared to meet death. His convictions became deeper. Feeling his wretched condition, he fell upon his knees, and wrestled with God until he found peace to his soul; and afterwards his wife, and five children, also embraced religion. Five of the family have since passed over Jordan. The remaining two are still on their way to Zion, giving thanks to God for having sent those *wonderful* preachers into their neighborhood. This is what was called bewitching the people in those days. Such was the ignorance and prejudice of the times.

It was through the preaching of these men, who travelled and preached at their own expense, preaching Christ crucified, that I first became alarmed in consequence of my sins, and future state. When about thirteen years of age, under the preaching of Rev. Joseph Hoffman, I became more deeply convinced of "sin, righteousness, and of a judgment to come." Then I prayed to God at times, but was in a great measure carried off from Him through the follies of youth. My convictions, however, did not leave me altogether. Sometimes I would pray and then sin again.

At another time, under father Newcomer's

preaching, God sent another arrow home to my heart. I felt awful. The thoughts of death and judgment produced alarming emotions in my soul. These emotions again, in a great measure, wore off. Fondness for youthful company repeatedly drowned them. Sometimes I would leave off my company, resolving never to sin again, and lead a new life. But I was bound fast by the chains of sin. I had no peace of soul. Although I was not habituated to the use of profane language, yet I was fond of worldly and sinful company and pleasures; and, by this means, I was prevented from seeking the Lord with all my heart. In this state of mind I continued to grow up to manhood. My life and experience corresponded with that of the poet, when he said:

"Now I repent and sin again,
Now I revive and now I'm slain,
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which O, too often wounds my heart."

At one time, during my convictions, there was presented to my mind, in a vision, a view of heaven and of hell. I thought I saw heaven in its beauty. I beheld the saints, clothed in white raiment, in a state of inexpressible happiness. They appeared to be standing in extended rows, with uplifted hands praising God. There was an appearance similar to a flight of

stairs. The older saints were on the top, while the younger ones were standing on the lower steps; the whole presenting a scene of beauty and happiness beyond description. There appeared to be two ways or roads, the one leading to a state of bliss, and the other down to a bottomless pit. As the righteous passed by me, they went into the society of the just. As the wicked came on, they turned to the left. Their movements were as vivid as lightning, and they plunged into a pit of darkness. I looked down into the pit, and saw them in extreme torment, being in constant agitation and misery. They appeared like a den of serpents, crawling over and around each other. Their condition seemed horrible in the extreme, being in torments, cursing each other, and blaspheming the name of God. Deep groans and lamentations were heard in tones of wo! wo! wo! in consequence of their having rejected the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This vision made a deep impression on my mind, respecting the future state.

In the year 1805, about the twenty-fourth year of my age, I went to Winchester, Virginia, where I formed an acquaintance with Miss Nancy Weaver, daughter of Mr. Abraham Weaver, residing near that place, and to whom

I was married on the 10th day of June, 1806, by the Rev. Mr. Hill, Presbyterian minister at Winchester.

During my stay in Virginia, I became addicted to horse-racing. To such an extent was this the case, that I was drawn away by that kind of sport, in the face of all considerations against it. My convictions and religious impressions were nearly overcome by such worldly amusements. After some time I removed back to Rocky Spring; but such was my propensity for horse-racing, that, on pretext of visiting my father-in-law in Virginia, during horse-racing times, I went there three years in succession to the races. Strange to say, notwithstanding all the operations of God's Spirit upon my heart, I yet took delight in spending my time in such places, where the devil has full sway. Gambling, drinking, cursing, swearing, fighting, are the characteristics of the field, carried out to their full extent. Here the devil reigns triumphantly. Under the influence of intoxicating drinks, and even without that, men's minds are subverted and brought to submit to, and practice all manner of evil. "Wo to the wicked, for it shall be ill with them."

In the fourth year of my horse-racing career,

I had attended the races near Chambersburg for two days. On the morning of the third day as I was leaving home for the race ground, my wife asked me:

"Are you going to the races?" I replied,

"Yes, I am." She responded,

"Don't you know that Joseph Hoffman is to preach at your mother's house to day?" I answered,

"Yes! I do know. You may go to the meeting; but I will go to the races." With tears in her eyes, she rejoined,

"If you go on in this way, you will become a ruined man, body and soul."

This rebuke, coming from a beloved wife, who then had no religion, but otherwise was of good moral character, sent daggers into my heart, causing very uneasy feelings. However, I went. When I came to my mother's house on my way, she enquired of me:

"Where are you going?" I answered,

"To the Chambersburg races." She rejoined,

"You will rue that some day, perhaps when it is too late."

I kept on my way. When about one mile from Chambersburg, I met Joseph Hoffman. Fearing a rebuke from him, I gave my horse

the whip, turning my face in an opposite direction, thinking, that after passing him, I would be safe. When I arrived on the race ground, the devil had his servants fully at work. There was fighting going on in full play. I remained on the ground till towards evening. After taking a drink, while in the act of mounting my horse, like "Saul of Tarsus," I was smitten with a stroke of divine power, similar to a flash of lightning. The scales fell from my eyes. They were opened. I saw at a glance, that all these people, with myself, were on the broad road to hell, "with all the nations that forget God." The alarming thought of losing my soul was impressed upon my heart with a power, such as I never felt before. I made a halt in the midst of my mad career—pondered—and resolved to pursue this course no longer. In company with some of my comrades, I rode towards town. Intending to leave them, I slacked my pace, riding somewhat in the rear, took a different route, and rode home. But I was wretched, and filled with feelings of remorse, on account of the state of my soul. I knew I had so frequently grieved the Spirit of God, that I deserved to be sent to hell.

I now began to pray and call upon God for

mercy in good earnest. It was suggested: "You have sinned so long against light and knowledge, that your day of grace is gone. You are a reprobate, and may as well continue in your old course. There is no mercy for you." But I continued to seek God. I read the Bible with eagernesa, looking for some promise of mercy there. The promises to the penitent I could not apply to myself. Its denunciations against the wicked fell heavily upon my guilty soul. I could not believe that such an unworthy, guilty, wretched sinner, as I felt myself to be, could obtain mercy. Still, I could not give up. I continued to pray.

"Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there."

In this state of mind and feeling, I continued for nearly two years; sometimes praying in the woods, in the fields, in the house; groaning, crying—"chattering like a swallow, and moaning like a dove." My constant prayer was: "Lord save, or I perish—save or I sink into hell." Fully determined not to give over the conflict, I resolved, that, if I must perish, I would perish at the feet of Jesus, crying for

mercy; and also determined, at all events, never again to serve and do the works of the devil, as I had formerly done.

In this unhappy state I continued until August, 1813. One morning I went out with the mowers to mow grass in the meadow. After returning to the house for breakfast, I told the hands to go to work without me; for I could not go with them, in consequence of my deeply excited feelings. I told them I thought I should not live much longer; that the wrath of God was upon me. My sins, a burden too intolerable to be borne, felt like mountains ready to press me down. I spoke from the depth of my heart in prayer: O Lord, if thy justice requires my damnation, it is just, and if I must perish, send me to hell, rather than permit me to live longer in sin, as I have heretofore done. In this depth of horror I cannot live much longer. If there be mercy, for Christ's sake, let me feel it; or if not, cut me down as a "cumberer of the ground."

I went into the woods, fully resolved to fast and pray one day more. While I was walking in the woods, bemoaning my wretched condition, in extreme agony, a VOICE said to me plainly, "*There is yet mercy for you.*" It was the

voice of mercy, in the distance, portending a sudden change. Hope sprang up in my soul. I cried out, "Yes! thank God, there is yet mercy for me. Here, Lord, I give myself soul and body, into thy hands. Do with me as seemeth thee good." The instant I thus gave myself up to him, God spoke from his mercy seat, through the "whirlwind," and the "storm." A ray of light, bright as the sun at its meridian, vivid as the lightning flash—powerful as the arm of the Lord revealed—shone into my heart. All my horror, guilt, doubts, and fears were gone. "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," was spoken to my heart. Unspeakable joy filled my soul. The heavens—earth—trees —leaves—appeared a new creation. I went forth praising God, adopting the language of the Poet:

> "Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
> For Jesus has brought" *Samuel Huber* "to God."

In this state of rejoicing, I continued in the woods about four hours. When I returned to the house, my wife asked me,

"Where have you been so long?" I answered,

"In the woods, where I found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write."

She looked at me with surprise. I said,

"You need not think that I am beside myself. I feel myself the happiest man that ever lived."

In this happy state I continued two years. I had the world and the devil completely under my feet. The evil spirit did not tempt me, "finding nothing in me." My daily song was,

> "How happy are they,
> Who their Saviour obey,
> And have laid up their treasures above."

Sometime after I had obtained mercy, my wife got under conviction for her sins. I told her to pray on; that the blessing of pardoning mercy was free for her and for all that would repent and turn to God; that she should give up her soul into God's hands at once, and not confer with flesh and blood, &c. She had been well instructed in religious principles. By reading "Fletcher's Appeal," she was convinced that, to obtain God's mercy, it was necessary to give up the heart to Him at once, without going about to establish her own righteousness. At one time, in my absence, while she was reading in that work a case suited to her own state, she dropped the book, kneeled down to pray, and in an instant her soul was set at liberty, and she rejoiced in God her Saviour. We

now set out together in newness of life, fully determined, through grace, to "spend and be spent for God."

CHAPTER II.

COMMENCED HOLDING RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

Having thus set out to serve the Lord, my conduct and conversation were different from what they had been, when I was a horse racer. Then, my theme was all about such matters and things. I owned a horse, which generally beat the field in scrub races, and being a ring leader of the turf, my conversation and actions corresponded with my character. But now, as God had turned my heart from nature to grace, my thoughts, feelings, and actions, had taken another course; and, as I had been such an active instrument in doing the devil service, I felt it my duty to use all my powers, soul and body, in God's service. I was determined, through grace, to do the devil all the harm I could, having bidden him an everlasting farewell, by endeavoring to bring sinners from the error of their ways into the service of God. Influenced by such motives, my conduct was reg-

ulated accordingly, and through God's blessing, I was made instrumental in doing good within the sphere in which I moved. There were several domestics living in my family, two of whom, young women, shortly after my wife's conversion, embraced religion. Thus a family, who, a short time before, had been in the devil's service, was now set free, moving heavenward.

One Sunday afternoon, in the summer of 1814, as my wife and myself were sitting together, on the porch of our house, there were a great many young men and girls spending the Sabbath in playful frolics within sight of us. I asked her,

"Do you think that God is satisfied with us, sitting here doing nothing for his cause, while so many are running to ruin in the neighborhood through their wickedness?" She answered,

"What will we do? We cannot prevent them doing so." I said,

"If God spares me until to-morrow morning, I intend to go to Chambersburg and see if I can get a converted man to come here to hold meetings and talk to the people. I don't want an unconverted one. We have too many of that kind of religionists in the neighborhood al-

ready. We want a man who has been converted and enjoys true religion, and can preach from his own experience."

Next morning I went to Chambersburg and called upon brother Jacob Braiser, who then was an Elder in the German Reformed Church, and had been converted, as I had been informed. I requested him to come and hold meeting in my house. He said "he was no preacher, but would read a chapter in the Bible, sing, pray, and talk to the people, and warn them to flee the wrath to come." An appointment was made for him to hold a meeting in my house, and as the news of my conversion had, prior to this time, been carried upon the wings of the wind through the country, great was the talk about it. Some took me to be a deluded being. Others looked upon me as a well meaning but deceived man, bewitched by the false prophets. Others enquired about Huber's new doctrines, of which the respondents knew as little as the questioners. So there was a general turn out of the folks. The house could not contain the twentieth part of them. All were anxious to see what this Huber, formerly a ring leader among horse racers, was about to do, since he had forsaken his former master, the devil.

Brother Braiser attended the appointment. He read part of the Scriptures, and spoke to the people, who paid great attention to what was said ; after which the meeting was closed ; many going away wondering how these things would end. This was the first public religious meeting held in my house. Another appointment was then made by brother Braiser, for the following Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the interval between these two meetings, the opinion had gone out, that Huber's meetings were not so dangerous to the community, as was at first supposed. A more favorable opinion, respecting my motives, had obtained among some. When brother Braiser came the second time, a large audience was in attendance. After singing and prayer, he read a portion of Scripture, and exhorted. Unusual attention was given by the people. He then made another appointment for the next Sunday evening.

After this second meeting was dismissed, my brother, Benjamin, invited me to his house the same evening. Accompanied with my wife and one of my hired girls, who had obtained religion, we paid him a visit. On the way, I retired into the woods, fell upon my knees, beseeched the Lord to give me grace, and enlight-

en my mind, so that I might instruct my brother and his family.

After we arrived at the house, he interrogated me respecting my religious experience, "Whether any particular change had taken place in my heart?"

I told him, "Yes, there had"—gave him an explanation of my former and present state and feelings, and added, that, unless he would come to experience a change of heart, he would be lost.

We sung a hymn. At its conclusion he fell upon his knees and cried out, "Let us pray." We then kneeled and prayed. After some time thus spent, my wife, myself, and girl, who came with us, arose from our knees. He remained on his, still imploring for mercy. We knelt again in prayer.

After we rose up, and were singing, his soul was blest. He then rose and walked about the house rejoicing, and inquired, "Whether the house had turned around," saying, "It appeared so to him." I told him "his heart had been turned around and created anew. The house stood as formerly." It was a new and strange scene to me, that my brother should ask me to pray for him in public, and openly express his

feelings, and "*get religion*" in so short a time, when I had to struggle under the pangs of the new birth, for nearly two years, before I was born again; and then it was in secret, in the woods, no person being present at the time.

Such a thing as calling out mourners to be prayed for, was not known among us then. I had not been present at the conversion of a soul, save that of my own, prior to this time. Therefore, it appeared marvellous in my eyes, and more so, inasmuch as I was then only a babe in Christ, knowing but little of the ways of God with man. Since that time, however, I have become more experimentally acquainted with such matters, and have long since ceased to wonder at outward demonstrations upon religious subjects. As we progress in religious knowledge, we become more acquainted with the operations of the Holy Spirit.

But to return to the meeting which brother Braiser had held on Sunday at 10 o'clock, in my house. My neighbor, J. R., went home from there, reflecting upon Braiser's exhortation and the object "Huber" had in view, by having such meetings in his house. After he retired to bed, he dreamed, that the day of judgment had come; that the whole world was on fire—

the earth quaking—and his house sinking down. In his dream he jumped out of bed—fell upon the floor—awakened out of sleep—but continued lying upon the floor in agony, crying for mercy until four o'clock next morning, when God revealed himself to his soul in forgiving mercy.

During the same morning on which this occurred, he came over to my house. I said,

"Good morning, Jacob." He replied,

"Yes; good morning. Indeed, Sir, this is the best morning I ever enjoyed in my life. God has blessed my soul."

I told him, that my brother Benjamin had experienced the same blessing last night, and that, on next Wednesday evening, there was to be a religious meeting at his (Benjamin's) house."

The meeting took place, and such was the increasing religious excitement, that people of almost all denominations came to it. Among the crowd of hearers, there was a number of new converts, Abraham Wingert, A. Crider, John, Jacob, and P. Zolliberger, with many others.

On the following Sunday evening, according to appointment, the meeting was held at my

house. Brother Brasier did not come. The house was crowded with people. I told them, that, as we were disappointed in a speaker, we should sing and pray. After this was done, the people continued on their seats in silence, and there being no other person to address them, for the first time in my life, I commenced speaking to a congregation. Whilst doing so, I felt the Spirit of God moving my heart. The word took effect. Tears began to flow from many eyes. Some began to cry out, and pray for mercy, and fell upon their knees. This gave me great encouragement to speak in this way. I felt my unworthiness, fearing to speak in public, in consequence of my ignorance in such things.

I had frequently before this, besought the Lord to give me some company in the way to Zion. But at this time, he gave me such a manifestation of his grace, that I took up the cross, being convinced that a dispensation of the gospel was committed unto me. Although it was with much weakness, fear, and trembling, that I spake, there was here an evident demonstration, that God inspired and owned his word, through such a weak and unworthy instrument as I was. So I felt it to be my duty, to speak

on in his name. After this first attempt to speak publicly, I gave out appointments to hold meetings. We held from two to three meetings a week, and the work of the Lord went on rapidly—sinners convicted—mourners converted—new converts established in the faith; and an increasing religious excitement took place in the neighborhood.

About this time, my brother Abraham was reconciled to God. We had a meeting in his house. The Rev. John Sneider, from Sherman's valley, attended. He was one of that kind of gospel pioneers, who did not think it too much to travel from twenty to thirty miles to hold a meeting, in order to get souls converted. He preached for us that time.

After preaching, I spoke out: "We ought to sing and pray again." Sneider replied, "Yes! that's right." I gave out a few verses, sung and prayed, after which I called upon brother Balsar Basehore to pray. This request took him by surprise, inasmuch as he had not prayed in public before. But, being deeply affected at the time, he commenced in such strains of effort, that the deep emotions of his heart broke through his vocal powers, like the rushing of water through the opening of a flood

gate. His prayer was effectual. It took deep root in my brother Abraham's heart, who was kneeling at Basehore's side at the time. In an instant, my brother sprang upon his feet and then fell upon the floor. This he did twice in succession. The third time, attempting to rise up, he fell upon his back, his head resting upon a bench and his feet extended on the floor. In this condition he remained for some length of time, stiff and powerless. After going through this process, he rose up, giving God thanks for his mercies.

Meetings continued to be held at his house. He afterwards became a preacher amongst us, and continued to preach the Gospel for many years, until he was afflicted with a cataract in his eyes, when his physician advised him not to exert himself in that way, as it would be injurious to him. Since then he moves in a more private life; but is still on his way heavenward. After some time, his wife and two of his daughters, embraced religion.

Thus, whilst the work of God was progressing, and the devil's kingdom destroyed in many hearts, my soul rejoiced in God. I felt heaven within me, and was deeply humbled and grateful, to think that God should have selected such

a sinner as I had been, as an instrument in his hands, in aiding to promote his cause.

The report of such religious revivals spread throughout the country, like the rolling of thunders heard far away in the distance. It reached the ears of many of the United Brethren preachers, who lived at a distance from us. Some of them buckled on their armor and came to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Amongst them were Jacob Bowlus, Presiding Elder, J. Crider, Abraham Meyers, David Snider, Michael Bear, Henry G. Spayth, together with a number of others. They came and preached the Gospel. God seconded their ministry with signs following. Old and young, men and women, experienced the new birth—and prayed and prophesied. *The old dogma*, "that women should keep silent in churches," was lost sight of. Old women and young girls, when their souls were blest and made happy, would break forth into singing—shouting—praising—exhorting—prophesying—and talking about the Saviour in public congregations, to the utter consternation of old *dry* Pharisees, who beheld this new way with *horror* and dismay.

Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Joel, 2: 28, 29, "And it shall come to pass afterward

that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. And also upon thy servants and upon thy hand maidens in those days, will I pour out my Spirit." And so it was here, and became marvellous in the eyes of formal professors of religion.

One time, when in conversation with two old men upon the subject of religion, a certain moralist, yet a great controversialist, whose heart had not been changed by grace, approached us. After giving attention to our conversation for some time, he said,

"Your professors of religion are all good for nothing; they are all hypocrites." I replied,

"Not all, Sir. There are some good persons among them. But, according to your views, the disciples of our Saviour were all good for nothing, because one of them became a devil." I then asked him,

"Have you had any counterfeit money in your time?" He answered,

"Yes." I replied, inquiringly,

"Suppose you had a five dollar counterfeit among one hundred dollars good money, would you throw away the whole on account of the bad?" He answered,

"No." I replied,

"Good money will pass anywhere, and so will a good Christian, although there are some bad professors of religion. 'A good tree is known by its fruit.' So a good Christian is known by his walk and conversation." I continued,

"You admit, that there is frequently cheat and cockle among good wheat."

He answered in the affirmative. I replied,

"We farmers are not the men, who throw away the good wheat, because there is some cockle among it. But we separate the cockle and cheat from it, and then use the wheat for making good bread. According to your doctrine, however, you throw away the good, because there is some bad among it. Now when we sow the seed of the word, it falls promiscuously 'on the way side'—'stony places'—'among thorns'—and 'on good ground,' from which spring up both good and bad professors of religion; and so we let them grow together until the sifting time arrives, when the good shall be separated from the bad."

I advised him to get religion, and not to trouble his brain about other people's failings, but to live a holy life and give a good example

to others; referring him to Matthew 13, chapter throughout, but particularly to the 24th and and 27th verses. He said no more—remained silent and went off. Afterwards one of the old men remarked, that he, meaning the controversialist, had met his match this time, and I had served him right.

CHAPTER III.

MEETINGS CONTINUED—FIRST CAMP MEETING NEAR ROCKY SPRING.

I now return to the revival meetings mentioned in my last chapter. Meetings were held at brother Benjamin's, Abraham's and also at Balsar Basehore's, and other places in the neighborhood, as well as at my house. Preachers of other denominations than those of the United Brethren, preached for us, such as the River Brethren, Dunkards, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Mennonites, &c. When God converted my soul, he gave me that love which enabled me to unite with all his true followers. Love to all mankind, and hatred to none; "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," was my motto.

The first Camp Meeting which the Church of

the United Brethren in Christ held, was on my brother Abraham's land, near the Rocky Spring, at which many sinners fell down, through the power of the word preached, as if dead, but rose again, shouting victory. Some time after this camp meeting, there was a large meeting held near brother Abraham's house. Amongst the preachers who attended, were A. Meyer, Presiding Elder, H. Kumler, J. Crider, and A. Draksel. Brother Draksel preached on Sunday forenoon. The word took deep root. Many were slain of the Lord. Souls were made happy—and much good was done at this meeting.

Protracted, or "Big meetings," were held then, differently from what they are uow. Commencing on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, they were continued until the following Sunday afternoon. Sacrament was then administered, after which the meeting was closed, and the people retired. Many of them with hearts filled and glowing with divine love, frequently parted with shouts of joy, while sympathizing tears rolled down their cheeks.

Toward the close ot this meeting, God gave me such a spiritual blessing, that I was overpowered by it, soul and body. I fell and lay upon the ground for some length of time. After

I came to myself and rose up, I felt an inexpressible degree of happiness, which constrained me to offer myself *anew* to my heavenly Father—"to spend and be spent" in his service; and I resolved, through his grace, to speak more frequently in public, depending on Him for help and strength in every time of need. It must be borne in mind, that heretofore I had not preached. At one time I was requested by a person to preach a funeral sermon. I replied, that "I did not think myself capable of doing so, although I had frequently delivered exhortations." He said, that, "If I did as well at preaching, as I had done at exhorting, he would be satisfied." This gave me more encouragement. I took up the cross, and tried to preach accordingly.

Some time after this, I was called upon again to preach, upon the death of a young lady. I gave the same answer as before, not thinking myself called to preach, but only to exhort. The applicant answered, that he had heard me preach a funeral sermon, and was satisfied with it. He repeated his request. After some hesitation, I complied. But notwithstanding these repeated calls to preach, I had many doubts and fears upon the subject, feeling my own insufficiency for such a responsible work.

At length I resolved to make another trial, but out of my own neighborhood. Heretofore I had not officiated out of it. Accordingly, at the request of brother David Fleck, a young man who had been converted in my house, I went with him to Amberson's Valley. We went there through a deep snow. When we arrived at his father's house, the father asked me, "What brought you over here." I replied, "I came to hold meeting in your house this night." He sent his youngest son on horseback, to invite the people to come to meeting. About eighteen persons attended. I opened the meeting with singing and prayer, and then delivered an exhortation. After this, we continued to sing and pray, during which time five persons remained on their knees, being under conviction, crying for mercy; and before the meeting concluded that night, the mother of the family and two of her daughters, were made happy in a sin pardoning God. On this occasion, my doubts respecting my call to the ministry, were, in a great degree, removed. I had a stronger evidence of my call to preach the Gospel than ever before, seeing that God worked with such a weak instrument as I was.

After this, I was invited by brother John

Bear to preach at his house in Path Valley. A young man, Mr. B. M., having some notions of his own about preaching, went ahead before the meeting day, telling the people, "that Huber was coming there to preach; but he would show them, that he could beat him preaching." With this kind of talk and blowing, he created an unusual excitement and curiosity in the minds of many of the good people in the valley. At the time appointed, I arrived. The meeting took place in day time. B. M. was the first person who came to it. A large turnout, of course, took place. He took his seat beside me. After the meeting had commenced, in the usual manner, I began to preach, and after proceeding some time, B. M. got under conviction. He placed his head between his hands, his elbows resting upon his knees, and began to tremble like a man with the ague, crying out lustily in prayer for mercy. I clapped him on the shoulder, and told him to pray on, which he did for some time. After meeting closed, he rushed out of the house through the crowd in double quick time—went home—bundled up his clothes—and made his exit that same night for Ohio, thinking to drown his convictions through worldly pursuits. After re-

maining there three years,—his convictions still increasing, and not finding peace—he returned to Path Valley—called upon David Bear, enquiring what he should do to be saved. He was directed to the Saviour, and at last "got religion," in the same neighborhood, where, three years before, he had boasted he would beat the preacher preaching. He proved faithful to his Saviour, and after a few years' fighting the good fight of faith, died a triumphant death in Strasburg, Franklin county, where I preached his funeral sermon. Such is sometimes the way in which God brings sinners to himself.

That night I preached in David Bear's house. He was sick, confined to bed, and requested me to pray for him, which I did. At that time he had no religion, and through this means he became awakened, and afterwards converted to God. He continued to hold meetings in his house, and became a zealous and useful preacher in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. I made an appointment to preach at his house in six weeks from that time, when I attended and preached. After meeting, a Mr. Martin Hammond, who had been convicted through my preaching the first time I preached in David Bear's house, and got converted be-

tween that time and this, invited me to preach at his house. An appointment was made. When I came there, his wife looked *daggers* at me, blaming me for leading her husband astray from his former religious ways. She took me for one of the false prophets and deceivers, &c. I offered to shake hands with her, but she refused to do so. When the people began to gather, she went about the house storming as if seven devils were in her. At length she took her seat in a corner of the room. The religious exercises went on. During the time I was preaching, a thunderbolt from heaven entered her heart. She fell upon her knees roaring out for mercy, as if the devils were tormenting her. Singing and prayer were continued. She wrestled on, until the strong man armed was cast out, and a stronger than he, Christ, took possession of her heart before the meeting closed. After she had got religion, her countenance and conduct, comparatively speaking, were as different as light is from darkness. Instead of storming about the house, showing angry frowns in her features as before, she now, with smiles of joy and peace, recommended her Saviour to others. In short, the lioness was turned into a lamb. To God be all the glory!

CHAPTER IV.

CURIOUS EXPERIENCE ABOUT TWO LONG BEARDED MEN.

The repeated manifestations of God's approval of my weak efforts to promote his cause, as heretofore stated, convinced me more fully, that He had a work for me to do. From this time I made it my duty to exhort and preach on every opportunity, in order to turn sinners from the error of their ways to Christ. In the year 1815, I was licensed as an exhorter, by the United Brethren in Christ, at an Annual Conference held at brother Henry Kumler's, four miles from Greencastle, Franklin county, Pa. The year after that, I was licensed to preach by the Pennsylvania Annual Conference.

During my travels and associations, I had many opportunities of hearing the religious experiences of God's children, a few of which I will state in this work, showing some of the different ways God takes to bring sinners to himself. At an Experience meeting, the following experience was related by B. Carper. He rose in the meeting and said:

"Brethren and sisters, I will tell you how the Lord brought me out of darkness into his marvelous light. At the time the United Brethren preachers first came into our parts,

there was one of them called old "Father Boehm." He wore a very large beard. On one occasion, he had a meeting in the neighborhood of the Conowaga, Virginia. My neighbor Brand and myself lived on intimate terms. Brand invited Boehm to preach at his house. I was highly offended, that Brand should bring one of those so called false prophets and deceivers amongst us; and the more so, as it was generally reported, that they had such bewitching powers over the people, that, when they once got into a family, there was no knowing where matters would end, and, in many cases, they had caught whole families, and sections of country around.

Indignant at such things, I thought it would be best to put a stop to these preachers in the commencement. So, when Boehm came to preach at Brand's house, I went there intending to kill him, and as I was a strong, stout man, not fearing half dozen men at a time, I had made up my mind how to take the preacher. When he would come out of the door, after preaching, I intended to pounce upon him, and with one blow knock him down—then jump upon, and kill him. And so, while he was preaching, I stood outside of the house, waiting

until he would be done and come out. At the same time, I was listening to his discourse. It appeared to me, that Brand had told Boehm all about myself, what sort of a man I was, &c., &c. The word preached went into my heart, like arrows from a strong bow. In an instant, a fearful trembling came over me. I took to my heels and ran home as fast as my legs could carry me. When I came to the house, my fears increased so much, that I was at first afraid to enter it in the dark.

That night I spent in awful fear and trembling,—not knowing what had come over me, as I had never felt fear before. Next morning I took my axe, and walked into the woods. I there imagined I saw a man with a long beard coming towards me in great haste. This increased my fears. I looked at him. His eyes were fixed upon me, as he came still nearer. I could stand the sight no longer. With horror I ran from him. At the same time, he made after me. I continued fleeing towards the fence —and threw away the axe in the flight. When I got to the fence, I made a jump, raising my feet, intending to leap over it. When on the top of the fence, another beardy man met me on the other side. He took hold of me, and

pulled me down from off the fence. The first man then jumped upon me. It appeared that, when these men held me down, the earth opened, and I went down into hell.

My body lay in the fence corner nearly the whole day. I knew nothing of this world during that time. After I recovered, I found myself a new creature in Christ Jesus. I rejoiced that I was brought out of the thraldom of the devil, and liberated from hell, where I thought the devil had me. After this, I had no more desire to kill the *false prophets*, so called, but found them to be God's true preachers, who preached his word faithfully. I united with them in Christian fellowship and now have meeting in my house, and am striving to serve the Lord, with my family and the brethren."

In 1816, a request was made to Conference, to send a preacher to Tuckaho valley, Pa. The lot fell upon brother John Bear and myself. We went first to Path Valley, thence to Aughwick Valley, thence to Hill Valley. Passing through Huntingdon county, to Sinking Valley, we arrived in Tuckaho Valley, and tarried to preach at brother Buttenberger's. These strange preachers were looked upon as a phenomenon. Some people looked at us with terrified glances,

afraid to come into the house, but stood gaping in at the windows. After eying us for some time, it was discovered from our appearance, that we looked just like other men. We invited them into the house. After some hesitation, they began to enter. The house became crowded. Brother Bear preached, after which I followed with exhortation. The word took effect. Some were deeply wounded. One woman, a Lutheran preacher's wife, got under conviction, and prayed earnestly.

Next day we went to Warrior's Mark; put up with Mr. Rumberger, and preached there. Returning home, we preached at the several appointments we had made on our outward route. These appointments extended eighty-five miles, from where we started to the Allegheny mountains. The preaching was then done by LOCAL PREACHERS. They preached gratuitously, and paid their own expenses. For about two years' time, the Lord wrought such works among the people, that preaching places were opened in such numbers in these parts, that we could not fill them. A circuit was then formed for two preachers. Circuit preachers were sent out to serve the people with preaching, &c.

During these times a new preaching place was opened at Mr. Conrad's at the Iron works, near Warrior's Mark. Brother David Bear, Henry Troub and myself, on our way to the Furnace, were informed that an appointment had been made for us there. When we arrived at the place, there was a wedding party in waiting. Brother Troub tied the knot for them. There was meeting in the evening. I preached. The Holy Spirit wrought powerfully. Seven of the wedding party fell, as men slain in battle, crying out for mercy, and were married to the Lamb of God. Afterwards the manager of the Iron works requested brother Troub to preach regularly in that place, a meeting house having been erected there. The work of God continued to progress through the valley, and extended to the environs of Bellefonte. This was the commencement of the United Brethren preaching in that region of country.

Next morning, brother Bear and myself started homeward, through Aughwick Valley, where we had left an appointment on our way out. At this place there lived a Mr. H. Kemerling. The meeting was held at brother Aue's house. Kemerling was a very wicked man. He came to our meeting. During its continuance he

became awakened to a sense of his lost state. He requested us to come to his house and baptize his wife and children. We went. I told them "that baptism alone would not save their souls,—but that they must seek for the spiritual baptism, by getting their souls converted." He promised, that, if I would baptize them, this should be a beginning with him, and he would seek the Lord, and lead a new life. I complied with his request. I sung and prayed with them, and left for home.

About one year after this, brother Crider, my colleague, and myself, went to the same place to preach. In an experience meeting, Kemerling and his wife related their experience, stating what God had done for them, by converting their souls. He said, that he felt it to be his duty, as he had been so great a sinner, and God had been so merciful to him, to spend his future life in his Master's cause in a public way. He became a zealous and useful preacher of the Gospel.

At another time, I preached at brother Oyerly's. He had come out from the Mennonites, but, not yet being fully inducted into the new light, as some termed this new way, he had his doubts concerning us; as he had been told,

that we were deceivers, &c. Therefore, not knowing how matters would turn out, he appointed the meeting to be held in his barn, fearing, probably, that his house might become contaminated, if we should preach in it. At this meeting, his son-in-law, J. Rider, got under conviction, and in a short time afterwards, he and his wife found the pearl of great price. He became a preacher in the Allegheny Conference.

The next appointment we had, was filled by brother John Crider in brother Rumberger's barn. Now, brother Rumberger was one of those men, who did not want to work without being paid, although he would sometimes labor on trust. Not knowing whether he would be remunerated or not, having some how or other understood, that there is a promise on record, that "whosoever receiveth a prophet, in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward," and being somewhat religiously inclined, he took it into his head to try the Lord, and see whether his promises were true or not. So he went to work and fitted up his barn in good style for the use of these new prophets,—which cost him considerable labor and expense. Accordingly, the meeting was held in the barn,

and at this meeting brother Rumberger, his wife, son, and daughter, obtained religion, and went on their way rejoicing; being fully satisfied, that God had more than amply rewarded him for the cost and labor of preparing the barn for holding meeting, and receiving God's prophets.

I might go on to relate a great many interesting circumstances, which took place at the commencement of United Brethren preaching in the aforesaid valleys; but the cases mentioned may suffice as specimens for the whole.

At one time, whilst I was preaching in brother David Fleck's house, in Amberson's Valley, the power of God arrested his brother John, who was convicted and converted in a very short time. He leaped up and praised God. After I had spoken in German, I was told, that the congregation were mostly English, and that I should speak in English. My speaking being mostly in German, I was but imperfectly versed in the English language. However, I consented to do so. After I was done speaking in English, an Irish Roman Catholic, who, probably, never had heard the Gospel preached by a *Roman priest*, rose up, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "I wish that God Almighty had

sent his convictions on me, in place of John Fleck. I have as much need of them as he has." Poor sinner! who would not approve of his candor and sincerity?

CHAPTER V.

PREACHER DROPPED INTO A HOGSHEAD.

In the course of our journey through this life, singular occurrences frequently come to our knowledge from personal observation, and through information from others. The following incident was related to me on good authority:

At a certain funeral occasion, a preacher was requested to preach the funeral sermon. When he came to the place designated, the house was too small to contain the people. It was thought proper, that the preacher should address them outside of it. But as there was no place prepared for him to stand upon while preaching, in the hurry of the moment, a hogshead was set upon its end. The preacher took his stand upon it, in order to deliver his discourse. Whilst addressing the audience, he felt it to be his duty,

more than ordinarily, to enforce his remarks upon his hearers, particularly so, at such a time, as that of a funeral. And, as he was one of those who believed in smiting with the hand and stamping with the foot, according to the sentiments of an ancient prophet, and being determined to enforce his remarks upon his audience, he gave one stamp with his foot upon the top of the hogshead, which, not having been made for that purpose, gave way, and went down, with the preacher after it, he exclaiming, "That's the way sinners drop into hell!" He sprang out of the hogshead and finished his discourse. But whether the idea of sinners dropping into hell through a hogshead, had any effect upon his hearers or not, I was not informed. One thing, however, is certain. It was a new item in the category of theological terms.

At a meeting held in brother Daniel Piper's house, I preached in English. A young woman, as she afterwards stated, took her seat close to the bed-room door. Conviction seized her. She got up, intending to jump out of the house, to get out of reach of such power; but, she fell down in the bed-room—lay there in agony for some time, wrestling in prayer, until she was blest. Six other persons obtained mercy that night, before the meeting closed.

Being requested by brother John Russel, to help to hold a meeting in Sherman's Valley, in company with my brother Abraham, we started for the meeting. On our way we called upon David Bear, who went with us. We left an appointment for our return, at Mr. Cling's near Concord. After this, we arrived at sister Hubler's, where brother Russel's meeting was to be held. Brother J. Wingert met us here. Brother Russel had not yet made his appearance. We, however, went on with the meeting.

A large assembly of persons were present, among whom there was a phenomenon, in the figure of a female. Her dress and deportment corresponded with each other. She was embellished in full regalia of worldly fashion. Her head dress, decorated with artificials, might have been taken for a flower-pot. It might have been fortunate for the congregation, that the wearing of "hoops" was not then in vogue, Had it been so, this personification of vanity might have taken up the greater part of the room, within the circle of a "*hoop*," to the no small annoyance of the people. Judging from her appearance, a stranger would have taken her to be the "belle" of the country. She seated herself in the middle of the room; kept

looking about at the people with contemptous airs, pecking with her hands and fingers at those within her reach, with a view of making herself conspicuous and raising fun. She was a complete gazing stock to be looked at, without the remotest idea of good manners, or religious notions. She would all the while look me full in the face, with sarcastic taunts and smiles. After singing and prayer, as it fell to my lot to preach first that evening, I took for my text, Malachi 4: 1, "For behold the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven: and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." When about the middle of my discourse, the power of God struck this embodiment of pride and vanity. She at once fell upon her knees, imploring God's mercy on her soul.

Feeling strengthened and encouraged at this, I continued to pour out God's denunciations against the proud. The arrows of God's word continued to fly. The Philistines (sinners) seeing their championess fallen, gave way. Some made for the door. Others fell upon their knees, and still others upon their backs, pray-

ing. The power of God went like fire through stubble. Brother Wingert followed with exhortation, exclaiming, "I feel that the power of God is here." His exhortation swept through the house like a storm over a grain field.

Up to this time, brother Russel had not been in the meeting, but, from what we understood afterwards, he appeared to be "*dodging*." There are some *great big* warriors in the world, who, when an enemy is fleeing, are the first to pursue; but, in the commencement of a battle, they fight under cover. Brother Russel had been threatened by some rowdies with the loss of his horse's tail, and, it may be, a little damage to himself. These threats might have made him *dodge* some, and it appeared to be so, from the fact, that, during the first part of the meeting, he was in the room above, *peeping down* through the stove pipe hole in the floor, watching the movements below, and observing how matters were going on. Seeing the ranks of the enemy breaking, he took courage, and came down into the room, just about the time that brother Wingert was closing his remarks. Brother Russel, having got another "*dip*," opened his gun and commenced exhorting in such terms, that the power of God's word flew like

showers of grape shot from a battery. If ever God helped a man to speak in his name, he did so through brother Russel, on this occasion. The power of God was present to kill and make alive. The meeting proceeded, some getting religion and praising God; others cut to the heart, fell down in distress, to rise up again with joy. Mourning—singing—praying—shouting, were the characteristics of that night.

The meeting continued until breakfast time next morning. Among the converts, was the *artificial figure*, and no doubt, the devil growled much, when he lost such a championess in his cause. Such was the work of God in the Apostolic days, and such it has continued to be to the present time. The conversion and reformation of sinners, is a work beyond the power and wisdom of man. Although he uses men as instruments, "the excellency of the power is of God, and not of man."

After breakfast we left, and went to our appointment near Concord, at Mr. Cling's. When we arrived at the place, there was a good turn out of people. I told brother Wingert, that, in consequence of our last night's labor and loss of sleep, I felt rather weak to preach, and asked

him to fill my place. He said, that he felt as weak as I did, and that I must preach. Seeing no alternative, I preached from Matth. 5: 6, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." Before I concluded, the man of the house, his wife and daughter, together with another aged man and his wife, obtained mercy; and one old Methodist backslider was reclaimed. Mr. Cling used to say, he liked to hear me preach, but did not like this mourning, shouting, &c. It looked rather disorderly, according to his notions about religion. But now, when he was seeking, upon his knees, for mercy, he cried out: "Now I see where the disorder lies. It is not on the side of religion, but in my own heart." After preaching, brother Wingert delivered a powerful exhortation. Six persons professed conversion at this meeting.

From Mr. Cling's we returned home, holding meeting on the way at David Bear's at candle light. At one time, David Bear and myself held a meeting in Strasburg, at John Newman's. On this occasion, five souls were converted to God. The oldest son of Mr. Newcomer, one of the converts, became a preacher among the United Brethren.

At one of the camp meetings held near the Rocky Spring, one night, after the people had retired to rest, there were present three young men. What their intentions were, no one knew, probably, but themselves. One of them had a pistol in his hand. They were standing around one of the Camp fires. Suddenly they were struck with the power of God, and fell simultaneously to the ground, with their heads outwards from the fire. In this condition they lay as dead men, apparently without life, until the forenoon of the next day, at which time they began to show signs of life. When recovering, they trembled as though they had the ague, and began to pray for mercy. After much prayer was made in their behalf, they rose up, praising God, "that the dead were made alive" through his pardoning grace.

At another time, in company with Br. Henry Kumler, I took a trip into Virginia, beyond Staunton, preaching in our route twice a day. We felt the power of God within us, whilst dispensing the word of life to others. God made it a "savor of life unto life," to many souls. We had lively and powerful meetings. From Winchester we went to Harper's Ferry, to attend the Annual Conference. We then return-

ed home, after having travelled, in going and returning, about four hundred miles.

At the Annual Conference held in Frederick county, State of Maryland, May 7th, 1819, I was ordained to Elder's orders by Bishop Newcomer, and afterwards elected Presiding Elder, having heretofore acted in the capacity of a local preacher only.

In order to attend to my duties as Presiding Elder, I went through the Virginia Circuit, and held quarterly meeting at John Funkhouser's. Here much good was done. Many got under conviction—believers were stirred up—swelling shouts of joy, that the dead were made alive, and the lost were found, ascended up on high. There was a protracted meeting held at Father Shewey's, ten miles above Staunton, which I attended. At this place I was invited by a person to preach in Staunton. I went there and preached to a crowded house of hearers, in a Lutheran church. As we were returning from the church, it was remarked, "that if God is as well pleased with you, as the people are with your preaching, you are better off than most people in the world." From here I went to Middlebrook, and preached there, and thence towards Greenbrier, not far from the Natural Bridge, on my

way to attend to the following quarterly meetings, viz., one at Bro. Sites'; one near New Market, at Bro. Lauman's; one at Bro. Blind's. After this I returned home.

CHAPTER VI.

SPIRITUALLY BLIND DEALERS IN THEOLOGY.

After harvest, I held a camp meeting six miles above Harrisonburg, Rockingham county, Va., on the grounds of Bro. Hoffman. Bros. Christian Troub, John Brown, Henry Butner, "*Thomas* the *white coat*,"—with a number of other preachers, assisted in holding it. When I arrived on the ground, the brethren were much discouraged, because there were not more aged preachers to officiate. They said, "they thought, the meeting could not be held by young preachers." Their hands were hanging down. Under such discouraging appearances, I took the stand, and called the congregation together. But few of them left their tents—the most remaining in them. I commenced the meeting by preaching. I told the people not to place their hopes in men, and encouraged them to put their trust in God. I stated, that

I was by no means discouraged, that my trust was in the God of Israel. If he would assist with his power, all would turn out well. There was little, if any, singing or praying heard on the ground that night.

Next morning at 10 o'clock, it was put upon me to preach again. Some of the brethren followed with exhortation. But things continued to wear a gloomy cast—there was no appearance of a shower, as yet. There was a death like calm, no apparent motion. But it was a calm, similar to that which precedes a hurricane.

After dinner, I requested some of the brethren to come into the preachers' tent, and pray to God for help, and so they did. Shortly after this, we commenced prayer meeting in the tent, and five mourners came out for prayer. They were then taken out of the tent, into the altar, near the preachers' stand. During singing and prayer, until preaching time arrived, a number of mourners were added to those already in distress. The excitement began to spread over the ground, like the rising of a water flood, propelled forward by a storm of wind, still rising more powerfully and carrying before it all in its way. When preaching time

arrived, there was no need further to press the people to come into the congregation; they came out simultaneously. Preaching and exhortation were then continued in German and English. The word was attended with power, and fell, like showers of hail, upon a corn field, cutting down all before it. The people were pricked to the heart. Many of the "*elite*," together with the common people, were brought to the foot of the cross. The mingling of sounds, such as, singing—praying—exhorting —mourning—shouting—together with the sight of sinners prostrated—mourners converted—new converts jumping for joy—saints rejoicing —preachers giving glory to God; afforded a pleasing sight and sensation, to all who went in for propogating the cause of God, and destroying the works of the devil, in this way.

I am aware, that such religious exercises do not meet with the approbation of all kinds of people. There are some honest, good meaning persons, who do not see into such things as many others do. We, therefore, pass them by with our best wishes. But there is another race of beings in creation, whose eyes are blinded by the god of this world, whom we cannot pass by, without some notice. They claim to be the ex-

clusive benefactors of mankind, and hail, as they speak, a new order of things, by which, according to their views, the world is to be regenerated by a religion and philosophy of their own make, consisting in outward forms and demonstrations upon the subject of religion. Such things as gospel power and outward expressions of religious feelings, they discard as being the work of the devil, and call it fanaticism and heresy. No doubt, "they are the people, and wisdom will die with them." But after all the declamations and ostentatious display made by these spiritually blind dealers in religion against such things, the gospel power still moves on in the good old way.

At a Union camp meeting, a certain would be theologian of this stamp, alluding to such religious exercises, in his public vociferations, exclaimed, "I wish that God would banish this damnable heresy from the face of the earth." He was not, however, the first blind leader of the blind, who gave utterance to such sentiments. Such spiritually blind "quacks" in religious matters existed and *figured* in the Church long before he was *ushered* into *existence*. The apostolic age was pregnant with such *theorists* ; men, who were mere pretenders, "traitors, heady,

highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." From "such," said Paul to Timothy, "turn away." And their father, the devil, has continued with them through their progeny, *blinding their intellectual powers*, down to the present day.

Others there are, who are in favor of getting souls converted in such a *nice, smooth way*, that no body is to *know* any thing about it; no, not even the subjects themselves. An observance of lifeless forms in religion is recommended, as a criterion by which to judge, whether they are "born again" or not. By such means, souls are hushed up and "*quieted*" into a state of ignorant notions respecting their salvation, and if not brought out of this condition BY SPIRITUAL POWER, will be lost in the end; and God will require their loss at the hands of such a ministry.

But we need not go out of the range of our own Church to find "PREACHERS," who show an *inkling* towards insipid *forms in religion*. There are some who, after their professed conversion to God, if they *ever* were *converted*, could stand, and kneel around a mourner's bench; sing—pray

—and talk with mourners, &c.; but now, under the influence of worldly elements, are seeking popularity *out of the good old track.* They go in for "*still born children,*" fearing that a new birth through the old way, accompanied with a few shouts, might look too much like a *row* in the eyes of "big folks." In many instances, at meetings, when sinners become convicted, these modern *refiners in theology,* instead of inviting them out to the mourner's bench, as they should do, break up the meeting—fearing there might be too much noise!

It would appear, that such *preachers* have forgotten, that mankind are constituted of the same "*material*" as they were in olden times, subject to diabolical influences, and that, when the devil is about to be driven out of a person, he "rends him sore," before he leaves the castle. The spiritual conflict going on in the heart of the sinner, at the time, produces deep contortions. It not only causes the tear to flow, but also afflicts the soul, cutting and rending it, like the case recorded in the gospel: "And they brought him unto him: and he fell on the ground and wallowed, foaming," Mark 9: 20, and "Jesus rebuked the foul spirit and it came out of him." Now, when the sinner is thus

made whole, it is by no means surprising, considering the great change produced within him, that he should leap forth, and praise his deliverer. But those would be new light divines, *dressed up in every new changing worldly fashion*, appear to have lost sight of the fact, that it takes the same "*modus operandi*" to drive the devil out of a sinner's heart now, as it did in former times. They *try* to get sinners converted in a more *refined*, world pleasing way, and are endeavoring to bring into the Church a system of "*dry forms*" in religious worship; and by such means, instead of furthering, they obstruct, the work of God. Such pretenders to divinity ought to know, that in this day of gospel light, the public lose confidence in them and their *moral harangues*, and instead of benefitting the Church, they become an injury to it.

But we must return to the camp meeting near Harrisonburg, on brother Hoffman's ground. Among the attendants at it, there was a Mr. Rodes, a Mennonite preacher, who came there for the express purpose of hearing and seeing for himself, how these people carried on their meetings. After becoming satisfied, he requested me to go and tarry with him at his house. During my stay there, he said, "he had been

brought out of darkness into the light of the Gospel in Otterbein's time, and that he had experienced that this was the work of the Lord;" exhorting me, at the same time, to continue on in the good work, in the face of all opposition whatsoever, and not to give way one inch. To this advice I have continued to adhere.

On Sunday I preached in German. The Methodist Presiding Elder, who attended the camp, followed with a sermon in English. There was a great deal of weeping in the congregation that day. There were also a great many people of color on the ground. I told them, "that they should have three hours' liberty for their religious exercises." After I came down from the stand, a "Goliath"-like looking man, with a heavy whip in his hand, took me roughly by the arm, and said, "that I had subjected myself to a fine of twenty dollars for giving liberty to the colored people." "I told him I was not aware of having violated the Virginia laws—that I was a Pennsylvanian—that I preached the Bible doctrine, and that colored people had as much need of the Gospel as either of us." He still held fast to my arm, talking for some time. At length a Magistrate came to where we were standing, and after he became acquaint-

ed with the affair, said, addressing the man, "This man thinks he understands Virginia laws; but, Sir, if you don't let go your hold on the preacher, and cease further molestation, I will teach you some law which you do not understand." He let go my arm, hung down his head, and sneaked away.

The meeting continued six days, with great outpourings of the Holy Spirit. At its close, when about to leave the ground, a Mrs. Snyder came to me, and said:

"Are you going away and to leave my husband lying in the altar." I replied:

"I did not know of his situation." I went to him as he was lying in the altar, and said:

"Snyder! I thought you were a religious man long ago." He replied:

"I never got into the pool yet, although I am a professor of religion."

We took him up, he being powerless, unable to rise, and placed him in a wagon. As we parted, addressing him, I said: "May be you will get into the pool this time, before you get home," and so it turned out. Before he got home he got into the pool—was blest in the wagon, and came out washed from his sins.

I will here relate a circumstance, the knowl-

edge of which may be of use in curing the bite of a snake. When we were about leaving the camp, brother Troub, in search of his umbrella, put his hand under the preachers' bed, when he was bitten by a snake in his fore finger, which caused him great pain—swelled much—the finger and part of the hand turned blue in spots. We were at a loss for a remedy. Brother Brown said, "he could cure him." Troub exposed his naked arm. Brown took the arm in his hand tightly; he then commenced with his closed hand rubbing Troub's arm from his shoulder to his fingers. This he did three times in succession. The pain left the arm, and the swelling subsided. No other remedy was used. The wound was cured.

After leaving the camp, we repaired to a union camp meeting, held near Newtown, on Squire Steckley's land. It being a union meeting, there were Methodists, United Brethren, and New light preachers attending it. Much union —good feeling and spiritual blessings characterized the exercises. There was a Col. Smith on the ground, who said, "he had a man of color, his coachman, who could outpreach any man on the ground." I told him "we had plenty of preachers here, but had no objection

to hearing his 'coachman.'" The darkey took the stand, and held forth in such strains of power and eloquence, that he astonished the natives. The whole camp felt the force of his discourse. It fell upon the audience like the rays of a hot sun upon the icebergs, melting down hearts, and causing tears to flow in all directions. It was conceded by all parties, that he beat the field—and so we said, Amen.

A circumstance occurred at this meeting, which goes to show, that there are, at times, impressions resting upon our minds, which, if properly understood, would lead us from danger. At the time the ground was being prepared for the camp, Mr. Steckley and myself were looking over it. I directed his attention to two trees, which stood within the bounds of the encampment. An impression rested upon my mind, that there was some danger connected with them. One of the trees was a large hickory, standing at the head of the camp ground, where, in time of meeting, a great crowd of persons generally gathered. I thought it should be cut down, and requested Mr. Steckley to have it done. To this request, he answered:

"There is no danger in that tree." I replied,

"We don't know what might happen," ad-

ding, "There will be a great crowd of people collected where it stands." He said, pleasantly,

"You are a curious sort of a man." I rejoined,

"There appears to be danger in the tree. Let it be cut down." To this he at length consented. After a few incisions were made in it with the axe, it was discovered to be rotten inside down to the ground, and was soon felled. We were satisfied, that it could not much longer have withstood a storm. I then requested him to have the other tree, which stood near the preachers' stand and the altar, removed also. He smiling, replied,

"I don't think there is another man on the ground but yourself, who apprehends any danger whatever from that tree." I responded,

"If the devil could raise a wind with which to blow Job's 'house down,' and a storm at sea, at the time Christ was in the ship, he might also raise a storm with which to blow that tree down, at the moment when likely to do the most mischief." He replied,

"I wonder at you for having any fears about that tree. It has withstood the storms of over

one hundred years, and can do the same for ages yet to come."

And so the tree was left standing. On the Sabbath forenoon, at the time Doctor Tilton, a Methodist, was preaching, a sudden storm arose from the North, and with strong winds, came moving towards us. I saw its approach. Apprehending danger near, I took my hat, left the stand, and ran in a direction from the tree, in case it should be blown down. The preacher stopped his discourse. The preachers in the stand, with the people in the altar, seeing me flee, and stimulated by my example, with rapid and unmeasured strides, took the same course. We had scarcely got out of the way, when down came the top of the tree, with a tremendous crash, into the altar, and had we not done as we did, there might have been many persons killed or maimed by its fall.

The foregoing occurrence starts a question, upon which a few thoughts may be employed, without transcending the limits of penetration, viz: Was it the devil or not, that raised the storm which broke off the top of the tree? and, if so, What object could he have had in view in its accomplishment? We answer the first question in the affirmative. And in answer to

the second question, we give it *as our opinion*, that the devil stirred up the storm, for the purpose of breaking up the camp meeting, or otherwise doing injury to the people who had assembled there to worship God.

First: because camp meetings are dangerous elements to Satan's ways, inasmuch as through them, there have been, and still are, many of his champions caught in the Gospel net.

Second: ever since "King Emanuel" has opened the Gospel way of destroying the works of the devil, and using men as instruments for that purpose, it is well known by both men and devils, that a true, converted preacher, (*not a mere pretender*) is by no means a friend, but an irreconcilable opponent of the devil, by proclaiming Christ and him crucified, &c., &c. Now, inasmuch as the old serpent is at interminable war with such things, and makes use of all ways and means in his power to counteract them, therefore, we think, that it is not out of latitude to suppose, inasmuch as he is spoken of in Scripture, as having raised a "*wind* which blew *Job's* house down," and is styled "the prince of the power of the air," Ephesians 2: 2, that he would raise a storm, to injure the camp meeting by the falling of a tree, and if that tree top had

fallen on the people, it certainly would have done much injury, by killing, or maiming some of them, and, by that means, there might have been a few preachers, as well as people, put out of his way, and the camp broken up, and the good that was done at it prevented.

But, inasmuch as we do not hold the devil to be omniscient, to be able to know and see whatsoever cometh to pass, he is frequently disappointed. In this case there was a counteracting influence to his movements exercised at the time, through the impression made upon our mind, respecting the danger connected with the trees ; and, by this means, Satan was foiled in his measures. Now we have no direct proof in "holy writ," that Satan did *actually* raise the "wind," which blew down "the house of Job." But we infer it to be so, from the fact, that God put "Job's possessions into his hands," at the time ; Satan having power to use such elements as suited his purpose. It is also the opinion of some *thinkers*, that the devil raised the storm at sea, when Christ was in the ship, thereby intending to destroy him and his companions in the deep.

After taking this summary view of the subject, we *opine*, that the devil raised the storm at

this camp meeting, for the purpose aforementioned. But, if the reader thinks otherwise, he is perfectly at liberty to do so. People will have their own notions about "the devil and some of his doings," at any rate.

At the time I carried on the tailoring business, there was in my employ, an intelligent young widow, a Presbyterian, of good moral character, and a good seamstress. She would frequently advance Calvinistic doctrines, in the course of argument. On one occasion, I asked her,

"Jane: Do you know whether you are one of the elect, or a reprobate?" She answered,

"I don't know. It is not our business to know that." I rejoined,

"Then you run a great risk, by not knowing your spiritual state." She answered,

"Our business is to do right, by living a religious life, unconcerned about Election or Reprobation." I said,

"A true Christian knows where he is going, and if you get religion, you will not believe Calvin's doctrine any longer."

After this she began to pray in secret, as she afterwards told me. So one day, as she was sitting on the shop-board at her work, with my daughter, she sprang from her seat, jumping—

shouting through the house, until she fell down upon the floor, to the utter surprise of the family. I was absent at the time. When I came home, I looked at her, and seeing she had such a pleasant countenance, she began to cry out, "Glory—Glory—I have got religion. I was born shouting, and I hope to die shouting."

A few years after this, she was brought to her death-bed. I visited her shortly before her death. When there, she asked me:

"Did you see that light in the room." I said,

"No!" She replied,

"I see it as plainly as the sun," and requested me to sing and pray with her once more. After prayer, she shouted, Glory! Glory! and expired, in fulfilment of the hope she expressed at her spiritual birth to "die shouting."

Brother Henry Clippinger, in relating to me his experience, said:

"I was a member of a certain Church in Shippensburg, and being an Elder in it, I considered myself a pretty good Christian. At one time I went to hear the Rev. Mr. Habliston preach. I paid great attention to what he said. So, when he began to preach, I began to weep, not knowing why I should do so, as I consider-

ed myself good enough. It made me feel much ashamed of myself, to think, that, an old professor of religion as I was, should shed tears. I held my handkerchief over my face, fearing the people would see me cry, and call me an old woman. I therefore concealed my tears, as much as possible. Afterwards, on my way home, it being an intensely cold night, the tears, rolling down my cheeks, froze into two cakes of ice on them. When I got home, I had to thaw them at the stove. While doing so, my wife came to me, much alarmed, thinking that I was almost frozen to death.

I went to bed weeping. My wife thought I was dying. I continued in prayer for mercy, having found out by this time, that my professed religion consisted in vague notions. After thus praying for some time in bed, the good Lord broke down all my old unsound religious fabrics, and gave me a new and true religion,—converting my soul. Such was my extacy of joy, that I asked my wife, Whether the roof had been taken from off the house, inasmuch as it appeared to me that I could see clear up to heaven. After this, my wife and family became converted to God, and are now moving Zion-ward in a living spiritual way.

It has often been asked, Whether a person can get converted by hearing a sermon in a language which he does not understand? Now, as a general rule, the question will be answered in the negative. For, to convince a sinner of the error of his ways, and point him to the proper remedy, it is necessary to instruct him in words and language such as he can understand. To speak to him in an "unknown tongue," is like speaking "into the air," because he understands it not. Hence it is important, that he should understand the language spoken, in order to arrive at a knowledge of the truth. From this, we infer, that, as a general rule, souls cannot be converted under preaching in a language which they do not understand.

But general rules have their exceptions. This is the case with the present one. The truth of this, was fully illustrated by an incident which occurred in my house. At one time, when a brother was preaching in the German language, an English Roman Catholic young woman was present. She became convicted of sin under his preaching, and got converted before the close of the meeting. I then asked her, why it was, that she, being English, and having frequently heard preaching in that language, did

not get religion before this; but now, under a sermon in German, which she did not understand, she became convicted of sin. She replied, that the power she felt under the preaching convinced her, that the preacher was a man of God, and this fact brought her to reflection, by means of which she became convicted, and sought and found the Lord. Thus we see, that God labors for the salvation of souls by ways and means, of which the philosophy of the world never dreams. Glory be to his name for free grace and salvation!

CHAPTER VII.

CAMP MEETING ON OVERCASH'S LAND—FETTERHOFF'S CHAPEL—FUNKSTOWN.

After I had returned home from the camp meeting held on Mr. Steckley's ground, I held another camp meeting on brother Overcash's premises, near the head of the Falling Spring, Franklin county, Pa. At this meeting there was not that apparent display of God's power, which was manifested on some other occasions. Several preachers left the ground discouraged, saying there could be nothing done here. There

was, however, some moving of the Spirit. It was what may be called, a good camp meeting. But, inasmuch as the Lord has his way in the "calm" as well as in the "storm," he frequently withholds from his faithful ministry the immediate effects of their preaching. Evidence of this was had in the case of this meeting. One year subsequent to it, at a quarterly meeting held at Fetterhoff's Chapel, a number of persons, in relating their religious experience, dated their conversions from the preaching at this camp meeting. Thus are the Scriptures fulfilled. "The seed cast upon good ground brings forth, some sixty, some an hundred fold," although it may remain in the ground for a length of time before it springs up.

At another quarterly meeting, held in Fetterhoff's Chapel, there were twelve converted to the true faith. The preachers who assisted at this time, were brothers J. Kessler, F. Gilbert, Samuel Cook.

Funkstown, a village a few miles distant from the Chapel, was at that time considered, in a religious respect, a hard place. There were, it is true, some cold religious professors, and a few warm ones, residing in and about the village. But, in general, wickedness carried the

day. Proof of this was given prior to this time at a religious revival meeting, held by the Methodists, in a union meeting house, in that place. Some of the devil's advocates, in their hostility towards such meetings, upset the stove, with fire in it, during the time of meeting.

Such things, as sinners praying audibly in the church for mercy—getting religion—shouting, &c., were looked upon by the major part of the people, as being the works of the devil, which should not be tolerated; and, what made the matter worse, there were some *clerical gentry*, who, assuming to be Christ's ministers—claiming to be the wisdom of the age—but not knowing the power of God themselves,—came among the people, and cried out in no measured terms against this sort of wild fire fanatical religion, &c.

In view of such a state of things in that neighborhood, it was thought necessary by some of our brethren, that another attack (the brethren having preached there before) should be made upon Satan's forces there, and a few rounds of grape and canister shot, in theological style, sent into their ranks. It was asked, "How many preachers will come to Funkstown, to hold a meeting?" Brother J. Kessler, E.

Hoffman and myself agreed to go. We went and held a meeting, at which time God blessed his word in the conversion of two souls, and no doubt many more were brought to feel the influence of Gospel power.

This may be regarded as the beginning of United Brethrenism in that place. Since that time, the Church has increased in members there. The Brethren have built a church of their own. The former prejudices, which existed against their mode of worship, have mostly died away. At a protracted meeting held there last fall by brother J. M. Bishop, preacher in charge, assisted by W. Owens and J. Denig, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Presbyterians, German Reformed, Methodists, with some others, in all members of seven different religious denominations, partook together of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the United Brethren church.

At one of my regular appointments in Plough's school house, one Sunday morning, towards the close of my sermon, my brother Benjamin's son Samuel, rose up in the congregation, and said,

"I want to tell the people, that I now intend to serve God, and lead a new life." I replied,

"I wish there were more in the house, who would come out in the same way."

We then kneeled in prayer. When we rose up, nine persons remained on their knees, crying aloud for mercy. We continued to labor with them until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We then closed the meeting until evening, requesting all who wished to get religion, to come out then. In the evening the house was crowded to overflowing. Eleven mourners came out for prayer, some of whom obtained the blessing that night. We then appointed another prayer meeting for the following Wednesday evening, at my brother Abraham's house. At this meeting, another of the former eleven mourners was blessed, and during the same week, eight out of the eleven obtained peace.

At a camp meeting held in Pleasant Valley, not far from Boonsboro, Md., while I was delivering an exhortation, the power of God came upon me in such a manner, that I became powerless, and fell backward on the stand, and laid there a short time. This circumstance gave rise to a report, that I had been struck dead, by the power of God, as a judgment upon me, being a false prophet, and that I was buried under the preacher's stand, in order to conceal it from

the public. Futile as such a report was, it obtained currency throughout the country, and was hailed with eagerness and delight, by the enemies of true religion, and propagated from the pulpit, and from behind tables, at religious, and other meetings, with a view to prejudice the people against us, and prevent them from coming to our meetings.

One year after this, I attended another camp meeting on the same ground. When I arrived there, which was in the evening, the Presiding Elder said to me, "That, as the report of my death and burial was believed by, and still fresh in the memory of, many in the congregation, I should keep off the stand until a brother was done preaching, and then surprize the people by suddenly appearing before them." Accordingly, I remained concealed until the brother had finished his discourse, when I rose up suddenly on the stand, and with arms and hands uplifted, looked quietly on the people for a short time. I then cried out:

"Here is the man who was said to be dead, and buried! He has risen again."

At this, many of those who had circulated the evil report, looked as if they were thunderstruck, and gazed with consternation, as though

one had really risen from the dead. I then gave them some *hard shots*, on the subject of raising and circulating false reports.

In order to show, in what manner God sometimes brings sinners from the error of their ways unto himself, I will relate a case, as stated to me by brother Samuel Enterline, member of the United Brethren Pennsylvania Annual Conference.

"I was travelling," said he, "through part of Schuylkill county, Pa. When I came towards the foot of Broad Mountain, intending to cross it before night, a heavy rain came up, by which I was completely drenched. Being wet to the skin, and not wishing to proceed on my route through the rain, fearing also, that I could not cross the mountain before dark, I began to look out for some farm house at which to stay over night. I espied one, some distance from my route. I turned my horse towards it, and soon found myself in front of the dwelling. Riding up to the door, the owner presented himself. I inquired of him:

"Can you give me lodging in your house to-night?" He answered, inquiringly,

"I don't know. Where are you bound for?" I responded,

"I am on my way over the mountain, and intended to cross it before night. But, as it is raining so hard, I prefer making a halt until morning." He replied,

"You look like a preacher. Are you one?" I answered,

"I try to preach sometimes." He said, addressing his wife,

"Well, wife! what say you about giving this man quarters to-night?" She answered,

"I don't know how we can entertain him. We never kept a preacher over night." I said,

"That is no reason why you should not give me lodging. I can pay for it." She replied,

"We are not prepared to keep strangers. Our accommodations are not suitable for preachers." I responded,

"As to that, I can sleep upon a bench, and am willing to take things as they are. It does not require much attention, to give me a night's lodging."

This ended the preliminaries, and I assure you, I felt somewhat relieved from the fear of a night's adventure in the woods, when I heard her say,

"Well, alight from your horse, and come into the house out of the rain. We will do the best for you we can."

Without further interlocution, I dismounted and went into the house. After some short time spent in conversation with the members of the family, mine host said, inquiringly,

"Suppose I send out an appointment for you to preach in my house to-night. Will you preach for us?" I answered,

"I will try to do so."

And so matters went on. The appointment was sent out. It being such a rainy evening, however, none came to it, save the family; so that my congregation consisted of the host, his wife, and several grown up sons and daughters. I asked the farmer for a Bible. He said, "he had none in the house." After some time spent in searching in cupboard corners, he brought me a few leaves of a worn out Lutheran hymn book, and a ragged scrap of an old sermon, which, together with a few school books, made up his library.

The congregation being seated, mine host placed a chair just in front of the table, from behind which I was to hold forth. He seated himself upon it, and fronted me with eyes staring in my face, as if he never before had seen a preacher. So I gave out a hymn, sung and prayed; and then took a text and com-

menced to preach. By the time I had got about the middle of my discourse, the old sinner in front of me *gave way*, and fell from his chair on the floor, bawling out: "I must die! I must die!" &c. The rest of the family became alarmed, and looked with consternation, as if old *Nick* had got into the room. His wife took hold of him, not knowing what was the matter, nor what to do, trying to lift him up. I told her to let him alone; that he was not going to die then, but was under conviction. I would pray for him. By this time he had got upon his knees. I kneeled down and prayed in his behalf. He continued in agony, crying for mercy. This lasted about two hours. At length, he fell from his knees upon his back, and lay as if dead.—The family concluded, that he was dead, sure enough. While he was lying in this condition, I sung a hymn: "There is joy in heaven," &c. While singing, he opened his eyes—looked at me—crying out, "I've got religion! I've got religion!" He then sprang to his feet, caught me in his arms, and after giving me almost "*a bear squeeze*," fell to the floor, taking me with him. After he became settled, he arose and exhorted his family to seek the Lord, and since that time, that family have all been converted

and are moving Zion-ward." And it was just in this way, that the good Lord commenced a work of grace in these parts.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST UNITED BRETHREN PREACHING IN CHAMBERSBURG, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA.

A few years before there were any members of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ residing in Chambersburg, Franklin county, Pa., brothers John Crider, Jacob Wingert, and myself, frequently preached in that place. At first we preached in brother Braiser's house, to more hearers than the house could hold, many listening outside, for want of room within. Some time after this, in the year 1818 or 1819, father John Oaks, a United brother, had settled with his family in Chambersburg, and wanted preaching in his house. I then preached alternately there and at Braiser's. In a short time these houses could not contain the people, who would come out to hear the preaching. At one of these meetings held in father Oaks' house, the Spirit of God came upon the people, like the "rushing of a mighty wind." Many of them felt the power of God, in a manner they had not

experienced it before. There was one general move among them at that time, some shouting, leaping and praising God for his mercy, in filling their hearts with his love, joy, and peace. I felt heaven upon earth within me. Upon the whole, we had a glorious meeting. Before dismissing the people, I stated, that, if any persons present wished to unite together as one body, to serve the Lord, an opportunity would be afforded them to do so. Twenty-six persons came forward, and attached themselves to the Church of the United Brethren in Christ at that time. This was the origin of United Brethrenism in Chambersburg.

I then made an appointment for a meeting, to be held, in two weeks following, at brother Braiser's, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and also at night. At the time appointed, I preached there to a large congregation. Many not being able to get into the house, the adjoining alley was filled with people.

Next morning brother Braiser and myself held a consultation upon the necessity of building a church for our denomination. He at first smiled at the idea of raising money to build another church in Chambersburg, since there were so many churches in it already. I told

him to get up a subscription paper for that purpose. I would make the start and see what could be done. To this, after some hesitation, he agreed. After receiving the paper, I raised by subscription about $500, from residents in the Main street. Brothers Braiser and Flinder afterwards raised on the same subscription list, about $200 more. A house of worship was then erected, in which brother John Crider and myself preached alternately, every four weeks, in the German language. The congregation, at that time, was mostly German. And be it remembered, that the Church of the United Brethren in Christ in Chambersburg, was first established by the GERMAN LOCAL PREACHERS. Subsequent to this, brother John Crider, with several other local preachers, and myself, supplied the congregation with German preaching every two weeks, alternately, for the space of about four years. The Church was then taken into the Circuit, and the congregation supplied with English and German preaching by the Circuit preachers.

Somewhere about this time, brother Hablistton, J. Wingert and Palmer, assisted me in holding a protracted meeting in Chambersburg. The work of the Lord broke out in a powerful

manner. The meeting continued about one week, during which time the mourners' bench was crowded with the slain. Old and young came to it, wrestling in prayer upon their knees, many of whom were healed, and went on their way rejoicing, leading a new life. But since that time, it was remarked by brother A. O., in Conference, in relation to this Church, that, "if the German preaching had continued as it had begun, it would have been better, but at present, it would be better to dispense with it altogether." Being present at that Conference, such an announcement as this went deep into my heart. "What!" thought I, "is it possible, that German preaching is no longer needed, nor wanted in Chambersburg? Are there no Germans there, who need the word of life?"

The above reflections induced me to call upon brother David Oaks. I said to him, "There must be a great change in the Church, since I was here last." He inquired, "Why so?" I repeated to him in substance, what brother A. O. had said in Conference, that "it would be better not to have German preaching in the Brethren Church." He replied, that, "if we had the right kind of German preachers, it would do." I requested him to make an appointment

for me, which he did. At the time appointed, I attended, in company with brother D. Funkhouser. There was a large congregation, composed of members of different denominations, waiting to hear German preaching. Accordingly, I preached in that language, after which, brother Funkhouser followed with a German exhortation. After the meeting was closed, brother D. Oaks remarked, that, "there could not be collected a more respectable congregation in Franklin county, than the one that had been assembled." Brother Funkhouser and myself continued to preach alternately to the congregation in German for about eight years, during which time a number of German families united with it, until the commencement of brother B. Raber's administration over it. He preaches in German and in English. All this goes to show, that brother A. O.'s opinion respecting German preaching here, was *wide* of the *mark*, and proves to a demonstration, the inconsistency of judging such matters according to his own notions.

The annexed statement was furnished me by brother David Oaks:

"In the year 1822 or 1823, in consequence of the increase of members in the congregation of

the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, in Chambersburg, (corresponding with brother Huber's prior statement) a house of worship was erected on south Second street. To aid in building it, some of the brethren from the country, came with their teams, hauling stone, lumber, &c. The first Trustees were, Henry Flinder, Samuel Huber and John Oaks, Sr. Samuel Huber is yet a Trustee. It is now thirty-five years since the church was occupied. In the year 1852, the old church was taken down, and a larger one erected in its place. The number of members continued to increase, and the congregation now numbers nearly two hundred members. In the course of the time elapsed, many have been converted, a number of whose spirits now swell the happy triumphs of creating and redeeming love, and bask in the sunshine of eternal day."

At the time brother John Russel was stationed in Baltimore, on one occasion I paid him a visit. There were present six German preachers, one of whom had been a Roman Catholic priest, but had come out from Babylon. A religious meeting being in progress in the Otterbein church at the time, preaching and exhortation were had every evening, and on Sunday

morning at 10 o'clock, in the German language. The word was sealed with the approbation of the Holy Spirit. It flew like shot sent into a flock of pigeons, killing and maiming many. Deep and pungent were the convictions wrought in some, whilst others were quickened by it. From twenty to thirty mourners presented themselves every night at the mourners' bench, soliciting prayer in their behalf. It was like unto the "day of Pentecost;" some falling down, imploring mercy—others shouting victory, having got through the pangs of the new birth—Christians praising God for all his benefits towards them, whilst others gazed on with astonishment.

Amongst those who came out, seeking pardon, were old gray headed sinners, who had been slaves to their father, the devil, during their past lives. It was a heart-cheering sight to God's people, to behold these old sinners, some of them with walking staffs in their hands trembling under age and infirmity, with tottering steps making their way to, and kneeling at, the mourners' bench. One old man, with a staff in each hand, came bending forward and fell upon his knees in agony, weeping and praying, until he was blest. Wonderful are the

mercies of God, in the conversion of old sinners!

A Roman Catholic young woman attended the meeting, whose heart the Spirit of God reached. She became deeply convicted of her sins. In this state of feeling, she came to the mourners' bench one evening, seeking pardon. She did not, however, receive the blessing at that time. In her distress, she afterwards went to the priest, as I was told, confessing her sins, and gave him one dollar to pardon them. *He pronounced them pardoned;* but her load of guilt still remained upon her heart. She came out again to the bench, continuing in prayer; when the Great High Priest, Jesus of Nazareth, sealed the pardon to her soul. She sprang up from her knees, shouting, "There is none but Jesus; none but Jesus can pardon sin." She went through the congregation, exhorting her companions to flee to Jesus for pardon, and not to the priest; as she had tried him, and he had done her no good. Next day when in company with some of her Catholic sisters, she gave vent to her happy feelings by singing hymns. One of them remarked,

"Why! you seem to be very happy. What makes you so?" She replied:

"Yes, this is the happiest day I ever spent in my life. Jesus has pardoned my sins. Oh! Jane, if you want to be happy, come to Jesus. He forgave me my sins, without money or price. You can get the same kind of blessing, if you will go to the Protestant meeting, and pray to God."

That evening she brought Jane to the meeting, who also obtained true religion, and went forth, leaping and praising her Saviour—exhorting sinners to flee the wrath to come. Many souls were converted, most of whom were foreign Germans. They had left their "Father Land" to inherit another country, and, by this means, were made subjects of a kingdom, whose boundaries extend beyond earth's cares, and to which they have a title of inheritance, provided they prove faithful to the end of their earthly career.

The preacher, who had come out from among the Romish priesthood, gave me the following narrative: He said,

"I had been an ordained priest, in the city of Rome, for seven years, during which time I had not READ the BIBLE, and knew but little of its contents. At one time, when setting upon a a bench in front of my house, a book pedlar

L. of C.

came along, offering his articles for sale.—Among them, I saw a pamphlet written by a woman, who had been a Roman Catholic, but had renounced Catholicism, and went to another country, where she published the book. In it, she gave a statement of her experience, and why she renounced popery, and to prove that she was correct in so doing, she made a number of references to the Holy Scriptures. The reading of this pamphlet created an anxiety in my mind to read the Scriptures; but not having them in my possession, I went to the Bishop, requesting the loan of a Bible. He gave me one, at the same time, cautioning me not to read too much of it at one time, fearing it would lead me astray, and adding, it was a book to be read only by the Bishops, such of them as were firmly established in the doctrines of the Church.

After I received the Bible, and began to read its contents, I became so much interested in its precepts, that, without respect to the Bishop's injunctions, I continued to peruse it almost day and night, and by comparing my experience and knowledge of Romanism with the Bible, I was convinced, that the Church of Rome is the antichrist spoken of in the Scripture. I besought God for heavenly wisdom and knowledge. He

imparted it to me. I found that peace, which passeth understanding. I now saw plainly that the Romish priests were not God's prophets, and that they were in almost total darkness respecting the nature of true religion. God's ministers receive their instructions from the Bible and inspiration; but Romish priests derive theirs from dogmas, authorizing creeds and practices contrary to the precepts of the Bible. Romanism makes no converts through converting grace. Its proselytes are made through outward shows, such as splendid cathedrals—churches—colleges, and other accessible institutions, fitted up with beauty and splendor to please the eye. By such means mankind are captivated and led astray from the truth of the Bible, through the Roman Catholic Church.

In view of these things, I thought it my duty to cry aloud against the errors of Popery. I called upon my brother-in-law, a Lutheran, and informed him of the change wrought in my heart. I told him, that I intended to preach against popery, and point out to the people the great wrong done them by the priesthood, in withholding the Scriptures from them. He advised me to keep quiet upon that subject; for if I spoke in that manner, the priests would soon

put me out of the way. He, however, added, that, if I felt it my duty to preach against the errors of the Church, I should go to France, where there was more liberty to preach among the Protestants.

Accordingly, I left Rome, and the Roman Catholic Church, and went to France. After arriving there, I sought acquaintance with Protestant ministers—gave them my views respecting Romanism—told them I intended to preach against it, &c. I was informed, that, if I did so in France, my preaching would be for a very short time. The priests would soon give me the quietus. They advised me to go to England, and furnished me with proper recommendations.

Seeing my way shut up here, I embarked for England. After arriving there, I became a member of the Methodist Church and a preacher among them; and being acquainted with six different languages, I was sent by that Church as a missionary to the heathen. When I arrived amongst them with my wife, they would not permit us to come into their dwellings. I inquired of them, why they would not receive us? It was answered, that they themselves read the Bible, and it spoke against lying, stealing, mur-

der, debauchery, and all such bad things, which the Christians were always doing. From this, they concluded, that they, the Christians, did not believe the Bible, or they would not do such bad things. Therefore, they did not want the Christians to send missionaries amongst them, to teach doctrines which they neither believe nor lived up to themselves, alleging, that the heathen did not do such evil things, and could live better without the missionaries, and so matters stood. My wife and myself had to make our bed during six months, under a white oak tree. After this, we were permitted to live in a hut. As I found, after three year's trial, that I could do no good here, I left and returned to England. From thence, I came to America."

Before I close this chapter, I will give an account of an old church, as it was related to me by a Baltimorean.

There was an old Methodist church, located in the city of Baltimore, in which the congregation worshipping there, had enjoyed many seasons of spiritual refreshing from the presence of the Lord. In the progress of time, as the population, pride, and wealth of the city increased, it was thought by the "*elite*" of this congregation, that the old church stood too far out

of the way. It was inconvenient for the "*par excellence*," and had become unpopular. A new church should, therefore, be erected, more contiguous to the dwellings of the higher classes. To this the congregation should be removed, and worship there, instead of in the old church. It was also predicted at the same time, that much more good would be accomplished by the change. It did not enter into the *brains* of those *fashionable prophets*, that the Lord has as much regard for the unpopular and poor portion of society, as he has for those who live in splendid houses.

Accordingly, a new church was erected in a more popular and fashionable part of the city. The congregation removed from the old church into the new one, to worship. But some how or other, things would not move on right. The preaching was powerless, exhortations dry, prayer lifeless, and singing insipid. No stir, whatever could be raised amongst the people, when they met in the new church to worship. The meetings concluded as they began, in a dead form of worship, greatly to the discouragement of the spiritual and living part of the congregation. And thus matters went on.

During this time, there was an old local

preacher belonging to the same congregation, living not far from the old church. He would often call to his remembrance the good *old meetings* he had experienced in it, and how he had been blessed in preaching—in prayer and class meetings. Along with this, he remembered also the happy moments and joyful seasons, which, in conjunction with his brethren, he "oft times felt on Canaan's road," when worshipping in the good old weather beaten church. Pondering over these things, his heart felt bowed down with sorrow, to think that these good old fashioned religious meetings were no longer in continuance there. Influenced by such reflections, he thought he would go into the old domain by himself, and, in secret prayer, wait upon the Lord, believing, that, as the Lord had formerly revealed the arm of his power in it, he had not forsaken the place, although the congregation had done so. With such views, he obtained the key of the old church—went there every evening for some time—knelt down in the altar, and plead with God in secret prayer. The people in the neighborhood, seeing him resort to the church so frequently, became curious to know what he was doing there. In order to ascertain this, some of them followed, and dis-

covering his object, went in with him, and engaged in prayer also. Thus the number increased from time to time, until the house became filled with people. He then began to preach to them, when a revival of religion broke out, in which over one hundred souls were converted to God in the old church during that winter. So much for holding on in the good old way.

CHAPTER IX.

BUSH AND CAMP MEETINGS—TRAFFICERS EXPELLED.

Some years ago, we held a meeting near Reomer's school house, on the Warm Spring road, Franklin county, Pa. The Methodist and United Brethren union tents were set up together. The meeting was appointed by brother Augustus Bickly and Jeremiah Senseny. At their request, brother Jacob Wingert and myself attended. Preaching commenced on Saturday evening, and was continued on Sunday morning and at night. At the 10 o'clock meeting on Monday morning, one woman was brought under conviction, and soon obtained the blessing. In the evening the work of God broke out in torrents

of power. Seven mourners came to the bench, calling for mercy, most of whom got religion that night.

The meeting was continued during the week. On the following Sunday crowds of people attended. I baptized three persons in the creek not far from the meeting ground. In the evening preaching was continued. The work was still in progress. Eighteen persons professed to have passed from death unto life during this meeting. At the close of the meeting, there was deep religious feeling, which was expressed in various ways; some by means of rolling tears —others with clapping of hands—some by shouting, &c. Altogether, it was a scene of thanksgiving for what the Head of the Church had done for their souls. We parted, rejoicing on our journey home.

At one time, in company with brother Newcomer, I went to a camp meeting below York, Pa., held on brother Hershinger's land. A goodly number of old and young preachers attended. The preachers came to this meeting armed with the whole armor of God. Having the "*material*," the grace of God in their hearts, they sent forth firebrands and arrows in almost every direction. The power of God came

down like the cataract which thunders down the Niagara, sweeping in its current all before it. Sinners were cut to the heart. Some fell upon the ground, crying aloud for mercy. Others were groaning in agony, unable to express their feelings. Some were shouting, and others looking on with amazement, wondering at such proceedings. So great was the excitement one night, that preaching was dispensed with. Talking to the mourners—singing—and prayer were continued during the night. The work went on bravely. There the devil lost some of his old gray-headed servants. Such are rare cases to be sure. It is seldom that old hardened sinners, after spending the greater part of their time in the devil's service, get religion. Nevertheless there are some who do. God's mercy is not to be limited by man's comprehension. Deep and mysterious are the ways of him, who "plants his footsteps in the sea and maketh his chariot in the clouds."

One old man came running up into the preachers' stand, and threw himself down in it, exclaiming: "Here lies one old damned sinner. Pray for me before the devil gets me." Much prayer was offered in his behalf. Ere long he obtained reconciling mercy.

Another old man was seen shouting by himself outside of the altar. I went up to him, inquiring, "how it was that he got blest by himself." He answered, that "he had come to the camp meeting merely to pass time, having no idea that these people would work upon his mind. But, by listening to the preaching, and observing the scenes of the meeting, he discoverved, that he was in a sinful and lost condition, which caused him to pray, casting himself upon God's mercy through Jesus Christ. God blest him, and that made him praise the Lord in the way he was doing." It was truly a pleasing scene, to see and to hear this old gray-headed man shouting "victory to God and the Lamb."

Thirty-two persons came forward at the close of the meetlng, and gave in their names as those who had obtained a saving interest in the merits of Jesus Christ. After this we left the meeting, thanking God for the salvation of mankind.

At another time, I attended a camp meeting near Turkey Hill, Lancaster county, Pa. A great many preachers of different religious denominations were present. A consultation was held, respecting the propriety of placing a guard throughout the camp, for the purpose of keep-

ing order. After some talk about the matter, it was decided against the measure. The objectors said, "We want no guard. We look to the Lord to guard us."

So, after the Christians had assembled and pitched their tents, Satan also came among them, in the shape of beer-sellers, rum-dealers, and traffickers in merchandize of various kinds. These agents of Satan backed their wagons in between the tents, and kept dealing out their traffic in great cheer, without restraint. There were to be seen some drinking rum—beer—and eating cakes, apples, &c.; others having tobacco leaves rolled up in the shape of cigars, between their teeth, puffing out volumes of smoke from their mouth, like the escape of steam through the leak of a steam boiler; others again, having large quids of tobacco between their cheeks, kept squirting its juice over the seats. Dandies in human shapes, with their arms interlocked with those of females of the same stamp, were strolling over the ground. Rowdies of all sorts, sizes and costumes, with whips in hand, were scampering about—walking over the seats in order to raise a *dust*. Some were standing in the altar, embracing their *lasses*, with their arms around their necks. It

appeared as if the flood gates of pandemonium had broken loose.

The whole presented a scene, more like unto a market—or fair, in full exercise, than that of a religious camp meeting. In short, to an observer who did not believe in the existence of the soul in the human body, the *aphorism* of "Father Gruber," when he said, alluding to rowdies at a camp meeting, "There they go, like a pair of fire tongs, with two legs—one head—without a soul," would have given the most correct illustration of the two legged animals on the camp ground. Those brethren, who were opposed to placing a guard on the ground to keep order, began to find out that they were too *weak* in *faith*, and that they had made wrong calculations, by expecting God to do for them what they had the ability to do for themselves. For it was plainly to be seen, that the Lord did not put a stop to the evil at the time. Hence we infer, that, to depend upon God to do a *work* for *us*, which lies within the *sphere* of our own *faculties*, is *presumption*, and not *true faith*.

But we must return to the proceedings of the meeting. On Saturday night preaching was attempted; but such was the continued con-

fusion and inattention of the people, caused by the disorderly conduct of the unruly part of the large assembled multitude, that it was given over for that night. Matters being thus situated, it was thought necessary to have recourse to the proper authorities, in order to put a stop to the traffic and disorder on the ground. But there were few persons at the time, who had the *moral courage* to make complaint. Next morning, brother Joseph Hoffman and myself spoke to a Magistrate, who was then on the ground, requesting him to enforce the laws, and have those "*dealers*" removed. It so happened, however, that this "*Squire*" was one of that *sort* of *officials* who connive at the violation of law, even when done in their own presence, having the fear of the world more than the fear of God before their eyes.

At first he refused to interfere in the matter, assigning as a reason why he should not, that there were too many traffickers to dispose of. Many of them were influential characters. Therefore, it would be impossible to oust them. He no doubt feared, that, if he molested them, his popularity and interest might be at stake. Being determined, however, to put a stop to the molestations of the meeting, I told him, that if

he did not do his duty in the case, as a Magistrate, we would have him indicted in the Lancaster county Court for non-performance. This did the business. Fearing a prosecution, he commenced operations upon the transgressors, by explaining to them the laws in the case. In a few hours, trafficers—beer—cakes—rum—horses and wagons disappeared from the ground. Order was then restored. There was no further opposition to the progress of the meeting from that source.

Preaching, exhortation, singing and prayer then commenced. Much power attended the religious exercises. Brother Gideon Smith and Joseph Neiding, with some others, got religion there, as I was informed. When Neiding was blest, his father being present, exclaimed, "It is enough, my son Joseph is made alive."

In company with brother John Crider, I left the camp, and went to a protracted meeting in Pfoutz's Valley, at brother Hoffman's. Here believers were stirred up through the word preached. It was, what was then called, a good time amongst the professors. Leaving this place, homeward, we crossed the Juniata river, near Millerstown, and went through Raccoon Valley, across the mountain, to Sherman's Val-

ley. When we arrived at Sherman's Valley creek, it had swollen to a great height; and what made the passage more dangerous, it was night and very dark. Brother Crider, riding a safe horse, went into the creek first, in order to sound the way. He had not proceeded far before his horse was middle deep in water. Not thinking it safe to proceed, he returned out of the water. We were at a loss what course to pursue. On looking around us, we saw a light at some distance, proceeded towards it and came to a house. A man came out. We made inquiries respecting the passage of the creek, and informed him that we had an appointment to preach at Peter Brown's that evening. He told us that no person could cross the creek in its present condition, without knowing the proper fording. He went with us a considerable distance, carrying a lighted candle, and gave us the proper directions to cross the creek. We then proceeded on our course and arrived safe, about 9 o'clock, at brother Peter Brown's house, where a large congregation was waiting for us. We were both fatigued, and hungry, having traveled a great distance that day without much refreshment. But, as the people were waiting so long, we had to preach and exhort before

eating supper. We had a good meeting. Next morning we resumed our journey, and arrived safely at home, after riding seventy-five miles in two days. This was the most wearisome journey I ever made.

CHAPTER X.

CURIOUS NOTIONS—CAMP MEETINGS—WAGONERS SCARED.

There are some people, who, when they adopt an opinion with regard to external forms in religion, at once conclude, that they are the only right sort of *folks* in the world, and that there is no other way to be converted than in the same outward position, in which they obtained the pardon of their sins. By outward position, we mean, either sitting, kneeling, standing, or lying on the ground in prayer; or sprinkling, immersion backward or forward, in baptism. Some weak-minded, good meaning people will tell us, that, inasmuch as they got religion in a certain position, there is no other way to obtain it, except that in which they experienced it. Now, according to holy writ, it must be admitted, that there is but one right way to come to

God for pardon of sin, and that is, by "repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." To this doctrine, all true Christians do and must assent. But, with regard to the bodily posture at the time of passing through the "New Birth," there is, and may be, a difference. Though this is not material in itself, yet, such is the force of first impressions made upon the mind in certain cases, especially when the change undergone is great and sudden, that it takes years of experience to remove them, if they are removed at all.

Now, to show the inconsistency of holding on with an obstinate grasp to the *single idea*, that there is but one posture in which a person can get blest, I will relate a few cases, as they were given to me :

"A certain man, living in Lancaster county, Pa., some years ago, got under conviction, and began to pray to God. He went about praying in almost every corner for a long time, without finding relief. It came into his mind one day, that, if he wanted to get religion, he must be baptized by immersion. At once he resolved to do so, and when he went into the water he had faith that God would bless him, and so it turned out. He got religion in the very act of

immersion. From this he argued, that, as he had been seeking the Lord for a long time, but did not find him, until he went under the water, so that was the only true way, and there is no other, through which to obtain religion. And as he was one of those kind of religionists, who are always *trying* to *blow* their own notions into other persons' brains, this was his theme wherever he went. It was nothing but under water baptism with him. At the same time, he found fault with his brethren for not adopting the same faith, and undergoing the like process."

At one time, when arguing in favor of his *topic* with the Rev. Christopher Grosh, the latter told him, that "he knew a man who had been awakened to a sense of his sins, and went about from place to place, seeking the Lord in prayer, just as he had done. At one time this person was in his barn on his knees, when it came into his mind, that he should go up into the garret in his house to pray. Following the impression, he arose from his knees—left the barn —went into the house—and in the act of going up the stairs, before reaching the garret, his soul was set at liberty. This proves," continued Grosh, "that a person can be converted without immersion; for it is not likely that he

could be dipped under water in the act of ascending the stairs in a house." The immersionist was "*mum.*"

Another case: Brother Bowlus told me, that there was a young man employed in his factory, who was seeking religion for a length of time before he found it. During this time he had some strange notions in his head. Wherever he went to pray, it was suggested, that he could not be blest there. He must go to another place. When he went to another place, he was impressed with the idea, that that was not the right place yet. One night, while in prayer in the factory, it was suggested to his mind, that he should go out into the South mountain, near by, to pray. He arose from his knees—went up into mountain—kept wandering about until day break—and not finding peace to his heart, he returned towards the factory, plunging through mud and water. He went into the factory—knelt down—wrestled in prayer, and got the blessing. Brother Bowlus said, "that he thought, the devil was fooling the young man all the time." The reader may form his own opinion about these cases. In the mean time, I will resume my narrative.

At a big meeting held at brother John

Shank's, near Millerstown, Lebanon county, Pa., the seed of God's word was sown. Many embraced religion. The work spread from there throughout the surrounding country. In about one year, upwards of one hundred persons professed to have experienced a change of heart. From there, in company with brother John Crider, I went to Lebanon and preached in father Lightich's house. Brothers Gideon Smith and Jacob Erb assisted at this meeting. After leaving this meeting, on our way home, brother Crider and myself preached in Millerstown, Spring creek, Shupp's church and Stoughstown.

Some years ago, at the request of several Lutheran and German Reformed brethren, I was sent for, and conveyed in a sleigh to a meeting at New Franklin, Franklin county, Pa. I preached on Saturday night, Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening. There was a goodly number of mourners. I intended to close the meeting for that night, in consequence of the crowded state of the house. I accordingly told the brethren that the mourners had better be taken to a private house for prayer. At this a woman spoke out: "What! shall we break up the meeting, when five persons are

lying upon the floor in distress!"

We then continued the meeting by singing—prayer and encouraging the mourners. While things were thus going forward, a certain man asked me,

"How is it, that you can repeat Scripture in your preaching, with such rapidity and correctness?" I replied,

"I have a good tender." He responded,

"I don't understand you." I explained,

"When a brick layer has a good tender, he can hand him the brick as fast as needed. So when God's ministers are in the right spirit for preaching, he inspires them with words as fast as they need them. God spoke by the prophets of old, through his Spirit, and by the same Spirit, he speaks through his faithful ministers in these latter days."

Brother Strawbridge came to the meeting, after which I left. It continued for some time. A number of souls were brought to yield to divine influences, and set out for a new life.

On another occasion brother A. Bickly and J. Senseny, had appointed a Bush meeting near the Warm Spring road, on brother John Snyder's place. By request, brothers J. Wingert, D. Whisler, D. Funkhouser, and myself

attended. The first night, after preaching, the work of God broke out by reviving the hearts of the people, and bringing sinners to feel their lost condition. Every night during the meeting, old and young persons fell prostrate before the altar, crying out for mercy. After remaining at the meeting for some days, I left. It was, however, continued by other brethren.

At another time, a meeting was held in Snyder's school house, commencing on Saturday night. On the Sunday following, there was such a turn out of people, that the house could not contain them. So we had to hold the meeting and preach in the woods that day, and also at night; and there being no preparations for light to hold the meeting at night, I told the people, that, if they would come out in the evening and behave themselves, we would preach to them by moon light. To this they assented by nodding their heads. So, at night, with the light of two candles and one lantern, we had preaching by moon light, to an overwhelming congregation. All behaved well. There was no disturbance whatever.

In the fall of 1855, in conjunction with brothers Funkhouser, Bickly, Senseny and J. C. Smith, a Bush meeting was held on David

Slichter's place, three miles from my residence, which continued two weeks. The work of grace went on rapidly. On the second Sunday, after preaching in the woods, the evening appointment was made to be at my house. Here the work of the Lord continued to progress in an extraordinary manner. Souls were born again every night. Those who were converted at the Bush meeting, together with those who were converted in my house, numbered twenty-seven, most of whom are still moving on in the good old way.

In the following Spring, another meeting was held at my house, during which time there were fourteen conversions.

In the fall of 1857, brother Funkhouser and myself held a union meeting in Botler's School house, near St. Thomas. At this meeing, the word preached was attended with such demonstrations of the Holy Spirit, that twenty-two trophies were added to the victories of grace over the devil, by the conversion of their souls.

Before closing this chapter, I will relate a case, in which a tavern keeper lost customers by having family prayer in his house. At the time Philip Bishop was living in Littlestown, Adams county, Pa., he kept a tavern for the

accommodation of travelers, &c. He requested me to come there and preach in his new store room, before the counters were placed in it. This house was separate from his tavern. When I arrived there on Saturday evening, a great many wagoners were there, with their teams, who had put up at his house for the night. Father Bishop, not wishing me to remain with the wagoners in the bar-room, took me into his dining room, where we had social conversation until bed time. When about to retire for the night, his wife requested me to sing and pray, stating that preachers seldom put up at their house. She, therefore, wished me to pray with them. Accordingly, I complied with her request, and while so engaged, the wagoners in the bar-room, next to the room we occupied, made considerable tumult. They were gazing with astonishment, through the opening left by a broken pain of glass in the door window, which separated the two rooms. Some of them pulled each other back from it, in order to make room for themselves to look through. They all wondered at this strange phenomenon, public prayer in a tavern! Such a scene as this, was a new thing under the sun, especially in such a place and at such a time.

After looking on for some time, and not seeing any person injured, nor likely to be so, through family worship, they beca me quiet.

After I had retired to rest, I was thinking how I should manage things in the morning, there being so many wagoners in the house. So, after I arose next morning and walked into the yard, lo, and behold, men, horses, and wagons were all gone. They had remo ved to another house during the night, no doubt fearing there would be more religious worship in the morning. Thus it appeared, that my singing and praying had scared them all away, and father Bishop lost some customers by permitting family worship in his house at that time. I then preached to a large audience that day, Sunday, at 10 o'clock, in the store room. After this, I partook of dinner with father Bishop; then left, and arrived home at 11 o'clock that night, a distance of over forty miles. One of the wagoners referred to above, got religion afterwards, became a preacher, and is still moving in that sphere.

CHAPTER XI.

VARIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

At a camp meeting held at one time near Flickinger's mill, on the land formerly owned by brother Philip Laymaster, when delivering an exhortation, on Wednesday, I quoted Isaiah 9: 14, "Therefore, the Lord will cut off from Israel head and tail, branch and rush, in one day." In my remarks upon this subject, I alluded to the times of old, under the Mosaic law, in which God commanded transgressors of his law to be stoned and otherwise punished; and showed, that if he would exercise his power in judgments in the present day, as he formerly did, by cutting off from the Church transgressors, such as liars, drunkards, swearers, Sabbath breakers, extortioners, hypocrites, &c., &c., there would be in many Churches but few members left; transgressors of this description being so very numerous in our day. Whilst thus speaking, I felt the spirit of utterance and power. An old proverb says: "*That a wounded pigeon flutters.*" The word went home to the hearts of some hearers, which was evident at

the time. For while the congregation was attentively listening to the discourse, uttering repeated responses of Amen, on a sudden, a man sprang up in the midst of it, with angry looks and gestures, shook his fists at me, vociferating, that if I would preach the truth, he would listen to me; but as I was preaching damned lies, he would not listen. He went out of the congregation in a great rage, swearing at me as he went off.

This sudden interruption, made in such a stormy-like manner, raised an uproar among the audience. Preachers and people were affected by it in different ways. Some having been blest through the word spoken, with tears rolling down their cheeks, got to shouting—others resorted to praying, and giving thanks, that sinners were being cut to the heart; whilst others, not relishing such *plain talk*, partook of the spirit of the "man in a rage," and let loose in strains of language similar to his. It appeared also, that some of the *preachers* and *brethren*, *faint hearts*, not wishing to offend the father of lies, took umbrage at some of the words in my exhortation, saying, that I was too severe in my terms, and should have used more *polite* expressions than such words as "Head," "Tail,'

"Branch," and "Rush." I told one of the preachers, that I had preached Bible doctrine and words, and if he did not believe it to be so, he should go home to Lancaster county and read his Bible; and he would find out that I was correct in what I had said.

The man who had shaken his fist at me, and went off in a rage, returned to his brother's tent on the following Friday evening, without my knowledge at the time. His brother sent for me to the preachers' tent, with a request that I should come to his tent. When I came there, Behold! there was the disturber, who had shaken his fists at me. He looked chap fallen—was convicted of the error of his ways, and began to apologize—saying that he was truly sorry for having sinned against me, and asked my forgiveness. I told him, that he had sinned against God Almighty, and not against me; that he should pray to God to forgive him his transgressions. He asked me to "pray for him." I replied,

"If you want me to pray for you, are you willing to come out to the altar, and show the people that you have repented of your evil doings." He answered,

"Yes, I am."

I then took him by the arm and lead him out into the altar, in the presence of the congregation and of the preachers in the stand. After wrestling in prayer for some time, "he got religion."

Here was another ocular demonstration of the power of God, in changing this lion into a lamb. Here also might have been seen, if *brethren* were *not wilfully blind*, the inconsistency in men, who profess to be called of God to declare his word, in "*dodging*" the question, by withholding part of Scripture denunciations against the workers of iniquity. This case should have convinced those brethren, who looked *shy* at me at the time for crying out against the wicked in the manner I did, that, when the truth is spoken, although it may not appear to world-pleasing *professors* so *nice*, nevertheless, God seals it with his approbation to the heart.

But, that there were, and still are, some half-hearted DIVINES, who have the fear of the world more than the fear of God before their eyes, is nothing new. It was thus when Christ first preached against the iniquities of his days in the flesh. His doctrine struck with equal force at the sins of the priesthood, and those of the laity.

It took deep root and cut to the heart, which caused him to be persecuted by some of his *brethren*. "For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord." Therefore, it is no marvel, that a divine, who preaches the truth, the whole truth, as God requires it of him to do, should meet with persecution from some of his MINISTERIAL brethren, in these latter days.

I will now bid adieu to this camp meeting, and introduce one instance, out of many which could be cited, which proves that a few words spoken in season, when sealed by the Spirit of God upon the heart, though unexpected at the time, have been, and may still be, the means through which a sinner is brought out of his spiritual slumbers into the light of the gospel.

At a meeting held by father Boehm, in the open field, near York, Pa., a great many people attended. In those days, people wore large boots and spurs. Among the attendants at the meeting, was a certain Doctor Peter Senseny, who walked about the ground, having his legs ensconsed within a large pair of riding boots, and spurs. Father Boehm, in expatiating upon the wickedness of the times, exclaimed! "Some sin-

ners are going to hell with boots and spurs on their legs." These words entered the ears of Senseny with an impressive force. Going to hell with boots and spurs! Going to hell with boots and spurs! continued to reverberate in his mind, producing serious reflections in regard to the course of his life, and finding himself on the broad road to "hell," he was convicted of the error of his ways,—sought the Lord—and obtained a change of heart. He afterwards moved to Winchester, Virginia.

"He was an early member of the United Brethren Church, and for some years, up to the time of his death, which took place in 1804," a useful preacher in it. "Doctor Senseny was one of those kind of physicians who administered to both body and soul. In his attendance on the sick, he recommended the great "Physician of souls, Jesus." "He would often kneel at the bedside of his patients," and address the throne of grace in their behalf. "His kindness, piety, and charity to the poor secured to him the respect, esteem, and love of all who came within the sphere of his acquaintance. His last illness was very brief. He had but a few days' notice of his approaching death. He met this sudden call with Christian resignation,—

and left the world with joy and peace," saying, "Lord Jesus, I come."

During the time Doctor Senseny resided in York, there was a Mr. Dehuff, whose son, then about seventeen years of age, was much afflicted in body—and not knowing the nature of his complaint, his father sent him to Dr. Senseny for advice, &c.

When the boy came to Senseny, after examination, the Doctor told him that he was consumpted, and he could not cure him. He advised him to pray to God, and prepare for the next world, adding, that if God converted his soul, it might be possible that he would also heal his body. On the lad's return home, he told his father what the Doctor had said to him, and betook himself to prayer. This gave much offence to the father. The idea that his son might be healed through prayer, was foreign to his views. He told him to cease praying; that he did not want any such things as prayer in his family, and if he did not give it over, he should leave his house, and seek a home elsewhere.

The son rather than give up seeking the Lord, left his father's house, to seek a home among strangers. At the same time, he knew not where to go. But having heard something about

old father Guething, that he was a good religious man, who lived about eighty miles from his father's residence, he directed his course that way. When he came to Guething, he gave him an account of his situation, and Guething, being one of those kind of Christians who never send the distressed empty away, requested him to tarry at his house—procured employment for him, and advised him to continue in prayer to God. To this advice the boy earnestly adhered, until he found the pearl of great price. After this, he continued to serve his divine master,—and was healed of his malady—became a preacher of the Gospel, and lived to the age of seventy years. He then "died triumphant in the faith." This furnishes another, out of many cases, in which when Doctors could not even heal the body, God cured both soul and body.

On one occasion, brother Draksel and his colleague, had an appointment in Hill Valley, at a log cabin. When they came to it towards evening, the man of the house and his wife came to the door, the man saying,

"Here are the preachers, and we have nothing to give them to eat for their supper.' Draksel inquired,

"Have you hay for our horses?" To which it was answered,

"Yes, sir, we can feed them." Draksel rejoined,

"Well, if you can do no better, we must be satisfied. Give the horses some hay; as for ourselves we can fast over night." The man said,

"We are truly sorry, that we cannot give you better fare. We have neither flour nor meat in the house." The wife added,

"We have some apples. So you need not fast altogether." Draksel replied,

"God's ministers must take such fare as they can get. The Saviour had not where to lay his head. The poor must have the gospel preached unto them."

And so it was. The woman brought them a basket full of apples, upon which they made their supper that evening. During preaching and other religious exercises, the loss of their supper was more than made up with spiritual food. That was a refreshing season from the presence of the Lord to that family, and other persons present, that night. Both preachers and people were fed with heavenly manna through the word preached. And here was fulfilled the prophecy, "Man shall not live by

bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Sometime about the year 1819, father Dehuff, formerly the boy who was driven from his father's house for praying, M. Bear, and myself, held a meeting in day time in brother Peter Hawbecker's house in Greencastle, Franklin county, Pa. Brother Bear preached, after which I exhorted, and as he was somewhat eccentric, loud and lively in his preaching, his appearance created no little stir amongst the people. Some of them were gaping in at the windows, which were open at the time; others from across the street kept mimicking the preacher, during his preaching, with their hands and frequent halloos, by way of burlesque. In short, this kind of preaching was a new and strange thing in that place then. Brother Hawbecker was the first person who opened his house for United Brethren preaching in Greencastle. This was the commencement of Brethrenism there. Afterwards, in conjunction with other brethren, we continued to propagate the Gospel in it. Since then, the work of the Lord continued to progress. The Society now consists of about fifty members, who worship in a handsome church of their own, under the pastoral charge of J. M. Bishop and S. L. Minich, the present year.

At one time I attended a camp meeting held on brother Samuel Snively's ground. Many souls were blest and made happy during the exercises. Under brother William Rinehart's preaching, a Universalist was upset. After the sermon was over, the Universalist came to Rinehart, and with pleasant smiles, took him by the hand and said: "I was a believer in the doctrine of universal redemption; but, Sir, you have out-done me to day. I never heard the doctrine of universalism upset in that way before. You are the first man that done me up." He thanked the preacher for the sermon, inasmuch as it was made a blessing to him.

Some time after this, I preached a funeral discourse on the death of one of brother Samuel Snively's children. There was a large attendance of relatives and other persons at the funeral. Brother Snively afterward said to me, "I never was better pleased in my life, than I was at the manner in which you held up the truth to-day."

Brother Habliston at one time had an appointment for preaching at the widow Immel's house, near Greenvillage. I went there to hear him. Habliston did not come. The widow said to me, "Inasmuch as the people have col-

lected to hear preaching, it won't do to disappoint them. You must preach for us." I took up the cross and preached, after which brother J. Whitmer and George Mowers closed with exhortation. I then made an appointment to preach in brother Sherman's house, near Smoketown, in the Pines. When I came to fill it, crowds were there—including many Roman Catholics. After the meeting had closed and the people gone off, the Catholics returned, and began to dispute about religion. One of them, an Irishman, and a full blooded papist, among other things, said to me:

"Yee'r pretending to be an apostle, are ye?" I said,

"I do not call myself an apostle." He said,

"But yee'r wants to be one, and can't make a crooked dog strait." I replied,

"I don't preach to dogs, but I preach the damnation of hell to unconverted sinners—warning them to flee the wrath to come."

At this, he jumped up in a great rage, went off vociferating and thundering the Pope's bulls at me for being a heretic.

At my next appointment at this place, father John Oaks came with me. The Catholics did not come into the house then, but stood outside

of it, throwing vollies of stones against the house and on the roof. After the meeting was dismissed, and the people had gone, stones still continued to rattle against the house. Father Oaks became alarmed and said, "They might kill us." I told him, "I have no fears about it," and after some more stoning and storming from the papists, they left. No person was hurt.

After this, I preached at D. Coldsmith's, M. Hover's, Shively's, widow Rung's. Here six persons were converted at a meeting. At one time, I assisted to hold a so called Winebrenner camp meeting on M. Hover's land. Prior to this camp meeting, I preached to the Winebrennerians in Shippensburg every four weeks —for one year. At one of these appointments Rev. Helfenstein, of the German Reformed Church, preached at 10 o'clock, A. M. Brother Mull requested me to preach in the evening; but as there were more English than German hearers, Helfenstein preached. I exhorted in German. Helfenstein then invited mourners to the altar. Five came forward. Singing and prayer were continued. Some of the mourners got blest. We had a good meeting. After it closed, I rode home that night, a distance of ten miles.

In the early period of my ministry, in conjunction with brother Hoffman, I frequently held meetings in the Red School House on the Warm Spring road, a short distance from brother Daniel Hammand's, at whose house we used to put up. This was the only stopping place for preachers then. Now there are many others. Brother Hammand was one of those kind of men, who, when they lay hold of a project, never let go until they get through with it. Influenced by such motives, after he got religion, he opened his house for the entertainment of preachers and people, and became, and still is, a useful member of the Church, and continues steadily to walk by the old landmarks of the Gospel. May the Lord bless and prosper him and his family, soul and body !

About thirty years ago, in company with brother John Crider, I went to McConnellsburg to preach. There had been an appointment made for us, in the school house, back of the town. A large assembly of people attended. We preached and exhorted as usual, and left an appointment for eight weeks after that at the same place. When we came to fill this appointment, the school house was locked, so that we could not get in. There were some people liv-

ing in these "diggins," who did not relish such preachers as we were, and would have prevented us from propagating the good news, that Jesus Christ came to seek and save the lost sheep of the house of Israel. But, inasmuch as we had a commission from the God of Israel to go out into the highways and hedges to preach Christ, and him crucified, to perishing sinners; we had no idea of giving up the "ship" without giving the enemies of the Lord a few scattered shots, if it should be but at random. We were determined to preach at all hazards.

So I told the people who had came to hear, that we would go out on the commons and preach under the locust trees. After we had moved towards the commons, a man came running after us, stating that he had gotten the key of the school house. We then went into it, and preached to more people than it could hold. Many of them stood listening outside of it. After this, we preached in turns in the school house and in brother Brubaker's house. During these meetings brother Brubaker's son John and his wife, John's son George and his wife were converted.

Some time after this, we held a big Bush meeting on John Brubaker's land, and preach-

ed in his barn. A number of preachers assisted. A good work broke out—convictions became deep—the cries for mercy reached the heavens. Many converts were added to the Church in that region. We attended to them for several years. This place was then supplied by the circuit preachers. About that time a good society was formed, and a meeting house erected in McConnellsburg by the United Brethren.

In my route I preached in Mercersburg in father King's house. Thence I went to the Little Cove, to attend a Big meeting. On my arrival at the place, I met brothers Everhart, Weaver and Mason, Methodist preachers; and brothers Weder, Felty and Bowlus, United Brethren preachers. The meeting was held in the woods. A great many people had assembled; but they stood at a considerable distance from the preachers' stand, staring at us with evident symptoms of fear and alarm in their countenances, as if they took us to be some strange and dangerous beings, or some dreadful event was to take place. There were many foreign Germans on the ground.

Perceiving that the people looked so shy at us, I went up into the stand and spoke to them in German, requesting them to draw near, ad-

ding that we would preach the gospel to them, in order to do them good, and not harm. At this the German part came near the stand. The English, seeing the Germans coming forward, and no one hurt, nor likely to be so, also took courage and came up within hearing distance. I requested brother Weder to come up into the stand and commence the preaching. But, inasmuch as he had his own notions about such things, having an inkling towards Quakerism within him, that is, not to *speak* until he *felt* moved to do so, and this inspiration was wanting, he refused to preach, and remained on his seat in the congregation.

Brother Weaver then preached the first sermon in English, and I followed with exhortation in German. While speaking, I felt the power, and so did brother Weder. Finding himself stirred up, he jumped upon his feet—came walking up into the stand—drew off his over coat, and took hold of my arm roughly, saying, Stop; it is my time to speak now! As I knew his ways, I yielded to him, and halted. Now, although he was one of those kind of men, who could not, or would not speak, without first being moved by the Spirit before he began, yet, after he had commenced to hold forth, there

was no stopping him. His motto was, "Strike while the iron is hot"—Go ahead then—Push the steam. And as he always *wept* during his public exercises, he seldom missed fire.

This being his character, I had scarcely taken my seat, when he began to speak, and opened in strains of power, which swept through the congregation like the launching of a ship's hull from her stays, plowing through the waters in its course. Powerful and deep was the effect of his words. Deep emotions were felt—sobs and sighs were heard—tears, like drops of rain, rolling down cheeks, were seen—groaning hearts were set free—shouting voices resounded throughout the woods. In short, a mighty work of grace broke out then and there.

After remaining with them a few days, I left for home. Subsequent to this, I was informed by several Methodist brethren, "that this was the first religious meeting of the kind held in that neighborhood, and that the work began at it, continued to progress for a long time afterwards. By means of it, the owner of the land where the meeting was held, together with his family, was converted. Brother Jeremiah Mason took about forty persons into the Methodist Church." The United Brethren preachers did

not go there for some time after this. Whether they are doing any thing there at this time or not, I am not able to state, for want of information. During the times in which the work alluded to, took place, the appearance of religious congregations was vastly different, in many respects, from what it is now. At the present day, people are dressed up in what are called their "Sunday clothes," when attending church, and if a person appears among them in his working suit, he is stared at, and may some times *disorganize* the *preacher's* ideas. But, in former days, it was no marvelous thing to see men attending religious meetings with their rifles and shot guns in their hands, and hunting caps upon their heads—wearing hunting shirts —fully equipped in hunters' style. In such costumes they would stand, or sit, during preaching and other religious exercises, without any molestation to the congregation or preacher whatever.

One Sunday forenoon, while preaching in a Virginia valley, a number of hunters were present. They stood during the services, leaning with their hands upon their rifles. After preaching, on our way to the next appointment, we overtook six of them. They had shot a

large buck, and were carrying it with a pole upon their shoulders. At the sight of us, they made off towards the woods. We rode up to them—spoke a few words and passed on. This was the manner in which these people spent their Sabbath days: Hearing preaching in the forenoon, and hunting and shooting bucks in the afternoon.

We had frequently to preach in log cabins at night, with no other light than that made with pine knots blazing in the fire-places, and with a table for a reading desk, and sometimes without even this. We had no opportunity to read manuscript sermons to the people, even if we desired to do so. Such a thing as memorizing and preaching other men's productions, was not thought of in those times, except by shallow brains and blockheads. We had to take the Bible for the rule of our faith and practice. Out of it, through God's assistance, we obtained our theology—preached—exhorted—and taught, as the Holy Spirit suggested. We graduated on horse-back, *instead of in large buildings.*—Preaching then was done in the simplicity of the Gospel—directed to the heart, telling the people what *they were*, as well as what they must be, if they wanted to be saved. Such methods

of theological warfare, with the world—flesh—and the devil, as tended to send *gospel shot* over people's HEADS—instead of into their HEARTS, was not exactly the thing then.

At the present day, preaching is done, in the main, more by making SIDE glances at the sinner's HEAD, than by thrusts at his HEART, which, as a matter of course, pass off without effect, and leave him in his wretched condition. On the other hand, the old divines, through their theology, aimed at the heart, and, in most cases, through divine aid, sent arrows into it. The effect of this was, to produce "nausea," accompanied with alarming symptoms respecting their present and future state. This caused those sickly penitents to inquire concerning the nature of their disease, and, upon examination, it was discovered, that their inward parts were like unto a "sepulchre, full of rottenness and dead men's bones." Under such circumstances, they applied to the great spiritual Physician for a remedy, who, "without money or price," healed them of their maladies, by giving them "clean hearts and renewing right spirits within them," and sent them away leaping—shouting—and praising God.

This kind of preaching, done in cabins—

barns—woods—highways—and hedges—and other places—was the means, through God, of raising the standard of the cross in valleys—country—cities—towns—and villages—where the devil had established his kingdom and reigned triumphantly. No sooner did these enemies of the devil, preachers, come up to the "help of the Lord, against the mighty," and open their batteries with singing—prayer—preaching—exhortation—and talking about Jesus—than openings were made in the walls of Satan's kingdom. Many of his strong holds were taken by storm, by enforcing the unadulterated truths of the Gospel, seconded and sealed to the heart, by the power of Him, "who hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm," "at whose power mountains quake—hills melt" —"sea and rivers are dried up"—"and who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire."

And thus it was, in those days of God's power. Although the preaching of the Gospel is an employment which would dignify angels, nevertheless God has committed it to men. Accordingly, men who have experienced the renovating power of divine grace in their own hearts, and felt within them a burning zeal for the

Lord of hosts, have, through the constraining love of Christ, gone forth and preached the word of reconciliation to others, as noted in this and other similar works, the world over, since the gospel was first preached unto men. Many were the precious seasons we enjoyed in log cabins, and in other places where meetings were held.

CHAPTER XII.

BAPTISM—A YOUNG WOMAN SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD—TRIP TO GENERAL CONFERENCE.

In early times, there resided in Horse Valley, Franklin county, Pa., Daniel, John, and Abraham Rosenberger, members of the Lutheran Church. They were some of the first settlers in that region of country. At one time D. Rosenberger requested me to come into the Valley, and preach to the people. He stated, that the people being poor in that neighborhood, could not afford to pay for preaching, and that preachers generally would not come there to preach without pay; in consequence of which, there was very little, if any, preaching among them, and they needed and desired German

preaching very much. Accordingly, an appointment was made for me, for the first time in Horse Valley. In company with brother Everhart, one of the first local Methodist pioneer preachers, I went there to make a beginning. We tarried with brother D. Rosenberger, at whose house the meeting was held, on a week day forenoon. There was a large gathering of people at the place. We preached to them in German and in English. During the services, the congregation gave great attention, and seemed as if they were *gospel hungry*, receiving eagerly all we spoke.

After preaching, I told them, that I would preach for them free of charge, inasmuch as I had ample means to support myself; that the poor should have the gospel preached unto them. I gave out an appointment for Sunday six weeks from that time, to which I attended, and afterward continued to serve the people with preaching, in regular appointments, for a long time. After the meeting at the second appointment was closed, brother Rosenberger invited all the people to dinner, of which a great many of them partook. At dinner, I remarked, "You have a large society of people here:" to which a woman replied, "Yes, we have more

goats than sheep. For this reason we want preaching, by means of which the goats may be turned into sheep, and brought into the fold."

Sometime after this, I sent brother Braiser to fill one of my six weeks' appointments at brother D. Rosenberger's. While he was preaching, brother Crone got convicted for his sins, and left the meeting in great distress of soul. A few days after this, he was cutting his buckwheat, being still in great agony, and engaged in mental prayer. Whilst in the act of making a swing with his cradle, he was blest, upon which he threw it away, and ran home to tell his wife, how good he felt, thinking, no doubt, that she would partake of the same spirit, and rejoice with him. But, as man and wife sometimes differ in opinions, she received him in a peevish manner, which caused a damper to his feelings at the time.

Some years after this, brother Crone held a three days' meeting in his house, at which brother John Crider, J. Wingert, and myself attended. The meeting began on Saturday evening. On Sunday forenoon there was German and English preaching. In the afternoon brother David Bear baptized five persons by immersion. Father Gilbert was much displeased,

because his sons Frederick and George were baptized by immersion at this time. They had been baptized in their infancy, and went through the catechetical course of the Lutheran Church. He, therefore, concluded that there was no need of more baptism, as they were christianized already. But, as the two young men thought otherwise, they received baptism again by immersion; and when they came out of the water, they went forth shouting, and praising the Lord, which caused no small stir and excitement among the people.

There was also a young woman, a Miss Fisher, there. She was the last of the persons immersed at the time. She got to shouting in the water. After she was taken out of it, she became powerless, and lay as if dead; and being dressed in white apparel, she really appeared like a corpse. As she was lying in this condition, many of the bystanders became much affected. Sobs, sighs, and tears were heard and seen all around. Some said she was dead. Others said she had been drowned in the water. Questions were asked, and answered promiscuously; some correctly, others at random. The excitement was increasing. At the height of it, I cried out, "God can kill and make alive.

Let us pray. Perhaps she will come to." We commenced and continued to sing and pray for some time. At length the young girl rose up, shouting and praising. At the same time, a number of other persons partook of the same spirit, and then they had a great time of it in that way.

Seeing all this, Father Gilbert said, "I am done now. I have no more to say. I am convinced that this is not the power of man, but the power of God." Some time after this, he got religion himself at a camp meeting, near the Burnt Cabins. From this time forward, the work of God continued to progress in Horse Valley. The brethren have now a house of worship of their own there. And in all this, we have another instance of the work of the Lord being carried forward through the instrumentality of LOCAL PREACHERS.

Brother Crone died four or five years ago. Brother D. Funkhouser and myself attended his funeral. Brother Funkhouser preached his funeral sermon in English. I exhorted in German. Brother Rosenberger said afterwards, that "Funkhouser had preached the greatest sermon on the occasion, that had ever been preached in Horse Valley."

In the year 1821, I was elected delegate to General Conference, to be held May 15, 1821, at brother Dewalt Mechlin's, Fairfield county, Ohio. On the 30th of April, proceeding in company with brothers Joseph Hoffman, George A. Guething and Mr. Clapper, we set out for the Conference. The first day we arrived in McConnellsburg, Bedford county, Pa. I put up at an Inn. We held meeting in a school house that evening. Brother Hoffman preached in English. After meeting, on my way to the Inn, I overtook two men, the one a Lutheran and the other a German Reformed preacher. I overheard the German Reformed inquire of the Lutheran preacher, "What kind of preachers these men were?" alluding to us. As they knew nothing about us, the Lutheran said, "He did not know." I told them, that we were United Brethren, in older times called Otterbein's followers. They jointly replied, "If they had known that before, they would have spoken in the meeting," as they were both there at the time. The German Reformed minister said, "that he had an acquaintance with Otterbein's brother in Germany, and also with William Otterbein in America." I lodged with him at the same Inn that night, and after we had some con-

versation, he invited me to stop in Pittsburg, and preach in his Church there, on my return from Conference. Next morning we parted as brothers.

On our route, the next evening, the 1st of May, we tarried at brother George Smith's, near Bedford. On the 2nd of May we went from thence to brother Plough's in the Glades. On the 3rd of May we came to Somerset. When near the Court House, there was a man, who we afterwards learned was an Elder in the Lutheran Church, standing on the pavement. He requested us to stop, and inquired of brother Hoffman,

"Whether we were preachers." Hoffman answered,

"Yes, Sir!" We are of that order." The man continued,

"To what Church do you belong?" Hoffman replied,

"We belong to the United Brethren, and are on our way to the General Conference, in Ohio." The man replied,

"I heard that there were some preachers expected to pass through this place. For this reason I was waiting here to speak with them." Hoffman inquired,

"Well, Sir! what is your business with us?" The man replied,

"Why, Sir! the people in this town need preaching very much. So, if you will tarry a few hours and preach for us in the Court House, I will give notice by ringing the bell; and give you your dinners and feed your horses also." Hoffman answered,

"Our duty is to preach the Gospel wherever we can get hearers. We will take you up at your offer."

And so at 10 o'clock, A. M., brother Guething preached in German—and brother Hoffman delivered an exhortation in English. One woman got under conviction and cried aloud for mercy. After meeting, she requested us to preach at her house. We had not time to do so.

After we had taken our dinner, and our horses were fed, we continued our journey and came to Ligonier Valley that evening. At this place brother Clapper preached to the people. The next day, May the 4th, we came to Mount Pleasant, and reached there at 10 o'clock, A. M. Here I met with brother Spayth, who formerly preached for us, when he was a young man. We had a lively meeting in Mount Pleasant that day. Leaving this place, we arrived

at brother Zumbrod's, sixteen miles further onward, where I preached that evening.

On the 5th, we came to Washington. At this place we did not stop to preach. Brothers Pfrimmer and Winter filled our appointments here in the evening. We went a half mile further on and stayed over night. The next day we continued our journey and arrived in Wheeling. We then crossed the river, and stayed over night at a tavern. A great many travelers put up at this place that evening. During the night, after we had retired to bed, a colored man entered our room and made an attempt to rifle our pockets and saddle-bags. We heard him making a noise, when we called out to the landlord, who came into the room. The thief made his exit. It was discovered to be the ostler.

The next day we arrived within eleven miles of Zanesville, and stayed over night. The following day we came to Zanesville, and took breakfast. At this place I met John Loferree, who had learned his trade with the same employer that I did. We spent part of the day in visiting the Salt works at this place. This was a new thing in those parts at that time. We were very much gratified at seeing the various works and machinery connected with the estab-

lishment. Here are salt wells from two to seven hundred feet in depth, out of which flowed a constant stream of salt water, which was put into boilers and made into salt. One factory had forty-two large boiling kettles for that purpose.

After this we left Zanesville and arrived at brother Dewalt Mechlin's, the place where the Conference was held. During its sessions, there was much sparring among the members. Some of them could not see eye to eye upon the different subjects which came under consideration. This gave rise to considerable debate. But, after much steam had been spent through the vocal powers, by thrusts and rejoinders, the Conference closed its sessions in peace and harmony.

After the Conference closed, a three days' meeting was held at brother Mechlin's. From this place I went to a camp meeting, ten miles distant from New Lancaster, and spent one week at it. We got our souls refreshed with renewed showers of grace. From there I set out for home, in company with some of my brethren. On our way, we preached at brother Loferree's. We then went to New Philadelphia, and thence to my brother-in-law, George

Crider, where we had meeting in his barn. We left here on Monday morning, in the direction of Centreville, crossed the Ohio at Steubenville, and tarried with Governor Ritner, seven miles from Washington, several days. He treated us with the greatest kindness and hospitality. From thence I arrived safe home, after a journey of five weeks, somewhat out of pocket in money, having received for my traveling expenses and services, three dollars. But then, we preached the Gospel free of charge, and when we could not find entertainment with brethren and friends, we put up at public Inns, which was not unfrequently the case.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFFECTING SCENE.

At a meeting held in my house, on a certain occasion, brother Price preached. He related a circumstance, which deeply affected his hearers at the time. He said, that he was acquainted with a family in Ohio, consisting of the parents and three daughters, all of them living "without God, and without hope in the world." On one occasion, the oldest daughter, Jane, was

converted at a religious meeting. The news soon reached her father's ears, "that his daughter Jane had got religion," and as he had no regard for religion himself, but was an enemy to it, he became very much irritated at the report, and resolved either to put a stop to such things in his family, or else to banish the subjects of them from it. So when she came home, he coolly said to her,

"Jane, I hear a bad report about you." She replied,

"What is it, father, that you have heard about me?" He responded,

"I am told that you have gotten religion. Is it so?" She answered,

"All true, father. But how can it be bad news that your child should be converted, and try to save her soul?" He rejoined,

"As to that, I consider it bad enough, that any part of my family should disgrace themselves, by adopting and acting upon such foolish notions as religion. I look upon it all as sheer hypocrisy. It does not become people of our rank in society to adopt such measures." She replied,

"Well, father! According to the way in which you instructed our family, I was of the

same opinion with yourself. But when the Lord convicted me of the error of my ways, I saw that I was wrong in my opinions. Therefore, I sought and found him, to the joy of my heart! Glory be to his name!" He responded,

"I see, Jane, that you have been deluded by those religionists, whose aim is to subvert the world. Every convert they make, shouts glory. Now, to be short about the matter: I want to hear none of your preaching. You must either give up your religious notions, or leave my house and look out for yourself." She replied,

"Dear father! I will obey you in all things lawful, as becomes a dutiful child. But, after what the Lord has done for me, I cannot think of forsaking him. I am determined, through his grace, to try to save my soul at all hazards." To this he said,

"Jane, I will give you three weeks' time to consider this matter; and if, at the expiration of that time, you are still determined to persevere in your delusive ways, you must leave my house and seek quarters elsewhere."

During the time allotted her for considering the subject, she continued to ask for grace and strength from her heavenly father. Her soul

was strengthened in the Lord. The promise, "and every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life," (Matth. 19 : 29) was strongly impressed upon her heart. At the expiration of the three weeks, her father waited upon her, and requested an answer as to what she intended to do. She replied, that she would obey him in all lawful commands; but as her heavenly father had adopted her into his family, and promised in his word to take care of his children, she had, therefore, concluded to remain faithful to the grace given unto her. He then told her to leave his house. At this injunction, she gathered up her clothes and made ready for departure. But before doing so, she bid farewell to her mother and sisters, taking an affectionate leave of them, not knowing whether they would meet again or not.

This was truly a deeply exciting scene.—Mother and daughters were weeping, as if at the death-bed side of a beloved departing relative. Just think of it, reader, an affectionate family about to be separated, for no other reason, than because one of its members had gotten religion, and wanted to serve the Lord.

And so, after Jane left, the mother and two daughters still weeping, the second sister said, "Since Jane is gone, I will follow her," and began to gather up her clothes for that purpose. The third sister then replied, "Yes! and if my two sisters go, I will go also," at the same time making ready to start.

At this, the mother went to her husband, exclaiming, with rolling tears, "You are robbing me of my children. I cannot live without them. If they go, I will go with them.* At this, the father's heart gave in. He could stand the sight no longer. Hastily did he send after Jane to return. When she came back, he requested her to pray for him. They all fell upon their knees, when Jane poured out her soul in prayer in their behalf. In the course of a short time after this, the whole family were made partakers of saving grace, and went on their way, serving Him, who, through the workings of his Spirit, frequently makes a child the means of converting the parents, together with the rest of the household.

About twelve years ago, brother Daniel

* When brother Price was relating this case, at the instant he repeated the exclamation of the mother, "If they go, I will go with them," a woman in the congregation spoke out, "And so would I."

Whisler, then residing in Cumberland county, five miles from Newburg, Pa., requested me to hold a big meeting at his house, alleging that there had not been a big meeting held there yet, and that preaching was much needed in that section of country. Accordingly, a meeting was appointed, which commenced at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, at which time I preached to a large audience in the barn. After preaching, I baptized two men by immersion, three times, face forward; also two women, by pouring, who were kneeling in the water at the time. Late in the afternoon we partook of dinner and supper together. It may surprise some of our modern folks, when I state, that between three and four hundred persons ate at brother Whisler's table, during that meeting, and that he besides fed a great number of horses. He had made great calculations, and prepared accordingly.

After having taken refreshment, we held an experience meeting, at which many persons gave an account of their religious experience. In the evening, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to a large number of participants, after which, feet washing was attended to.

On the next day, Sunday, I preached at 10 o'clock, A. M. A number of preachers also assisted at the meeting. In the evening five mourners came out seeking the Lord. At this meeting, which continued for several days, a good religious work commenced, by means of which, in the course of some time, from forty to fifty persons became converted, many of whom united together in church fellowship, as an order of their own, separate from other Churches. And as they had no regular preacher to serve them, they selected brother Whisler as their pastor, who attended to them in that capacity, from ten to twelve years. During this time, in company with brothers Bickly, J. Senseny, D. Funkhouser, J. and D. Basehore, and other local preachers, we assisted brother Whisler to hold meetings at his house, and in the neighborhood. I attended personally several times a year. Within the past year, brother Whisler and his society, attached themselves to the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. Brother Whisler is now a local preacher among us. All this work was begun and carried forward through the local ministry.

I had regular appointments at brothers Peter Cook and Jacob Whitmore's, and in the Union

school house in the Dutch Settlement, at which places I officiated alternately. At one time, while we were holding meeting in brother Whitmore's barn, a thunder gust came up, with vivid flashes of lightning and heavy thunder, just at the time I was preaching. A woman in the congregation jumped upon her feet, crying out, "Lord Jesus," and fell down. She afterwards got religion in her house.

At a meeting in the Union school house, several souls were made happy during preaching. One old Presbyterian rose up waiving his hands up and down and praising the Lord.

I used to leave home on Sunday morning, ride on horseback to the Union school house, be there at 10 o'clock. Thence I went to Peter Cook's at 3 o'clock, and thence to Chambersburg in the evening at candle light, and preached at each place. I returned home the same night, making a circuit of about thirty miles in one day. The next morning I went to work at my trade.

In Rockingham county, Virginia, at one time, while I was preaching in a Lutheran church, a man rose up in the congregation, and cried out, "I am Tom Paine, every drop of blood within me." This he did repeatedly, to the great an-

noyance of the congregation. And, inasmuch as he was "Tom Paine," throughout, as he said he was, his conduct heretofore corresponded with his principles. He insulted all professors of religion who came in his way. But, at this time, he met his match. For there was in the meeting, a brother Stephler, a man of great muscular strength. He coolly rose up, and took hold of, "Tom Paine" by the back and neck collar of his coat and the seat of his pants, and pushed him out of the church, and in this way, run him across the street, into another house, where he held him in durance, until the meeting was closed.

Inasmuch, as the relating of religious experience, is frequently made a blessing to other persons, I will, for the benefit of some of my readers, whom it may suit, relate the following, as given to me by a brother. He said: "About fifteen or twenty years after I had experienced religion, one night, at the time I was reading Doctor Clark's notes upon the Scriptures, an instantaneous dark and gloomy spell came over my mind and heart. It was suggested, that I never had been converted—that my views and feelings on religious subjects were altogether delusive, consisting in vague notions, &c.

I felt horror stricken, not knowing what all this meant, or whence it came. I became greatly alarmed.

In this state of mind and distress, I went to my mother-in-law. She was an old soldier of the cross—had experienced religion, and *kept it* from her youth, and had endured many trials, and temptations, in her journey thus far. But long since that time, she has gone to join some of her former classmates, in the kingdom above, where the devil never enters. When I came to her, she looked at me with great surprise, and exclaimed,

"Why ! John, what is the matter with you ? I see by your countenance, there is something wrong." I replied,

"Yes, mother, I feel as if the devil were trying to get me to give up my religious pursuits." She asked,

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I answered,

"I want you to come into the room, and pray with me for grace to overcome the tempter."

And so the old lady and myself went into a room to pray. As she entered it, she said,

"I feel as if the powers of darkness were here." I replied,

"And so do I, mother."

We continued in prayer for several hours together. At length I told her to retire; that I would hold on by faith and prayer. I continued to pray by myself during the night, but found no relief then. It was a dark and gloomy night to me. Next morning I went to brother Prettyman. He was preacher in charge of the Chambersburg station at the time. I communicated to him the state of my mind and feelings. He said "he had undergone a similar trial at one time in his life, and it was three months before he got through it. But when he did get the victory, it was the greatest spiritual blessing he had ever experienced up to that time." He encouraged me to pray on.

After this I went to brother Thomas Yates, then a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, but many years since gone over Jordan. I gave him a statement of my experience, and, as he was one of that sort of people who did not keep secret, what they told other persons, he replied, "That's right for you, John. You and the devil are about having a fight. But you must hold on by faith and prayer;" adding, "this trial will do you good."

That was a dark day to my soul. I could

neither eat nor work. I went about during the day laboring under great heaviness, by reason of manifold temptations, all the while engaged in prayer, mentally and otherwise. Towards evening, a short time before going to a prayer meeting, I opened the Bible. The first passage I cast my eyes upon was the first Epistle of John 2: 1, 2, "And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; And he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also, for the sins of the whole world." I was standing at the time, and it appeared to me, as if the devil was standing along side of me. So, after I had read the passages, I pointed with my finger to them, exclaiming, vocally, I think, as if speaking to a person standing beside me, "Devil! do you see that? Look at it! Here is my *advocate*, even *Jesus Christ!* To you, I am under no obligations to confess; but to God, I confess my short-comings." I added, "You may do your worst now. This Scripture gives new hope to my soul."

I closed the book, went to the prayer meeting, pleading the Saviour's merits, and while a brother was praying, in an instant, a stroke of divine love and power entered my heart. All my doubts and fears were gone, and, in their

place love, joy and peace filled my heart. I could sing again, what I had often sung before:

"I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty."

On my way home from the meeting, the heavens—stars—and all creation appeared new.—When I came to the house, my mother-in-law met me, and, with joy in her countenance, exclaimed,

"Why! John, I see by your countenance, you have got the blessing." I replied,

"Yes! mother, thank God! I feel it; and that's better than sight."

We then had a good time together, talking about Jesus. That was a joyful night to my soul. I spent the greater part of it walking about praising the Lord. Since that time, I have had many ups and downs in the world, but am still on my way to the promised land.

FATHER GEISSEMAN'S EXPERIENCE AND DEATH.

Father Geisseman said to me, "In the Revolutionary war I served my country in the army under General Washington. During the time of a battle with the enemy, when bullets were flying and whistling past me, I was con-

victed of my sins, and felt, that if I should be shot dead, my soul would be lost. I lifted up my heart to God in prayer, and promised, that if he would preserve my life, I would serve him the remainder of my days.

Many years after this, I went to hear father Otterbein preach at Guething's old church, twelve miles from Hagerstown, Md. Immense crowds of hearers were present at the time, many of them standing outside of the church. When Otterbein was preaching, standing in the church door, he became exhausted, through over exertion, in order to be heard. His voice and strength failing, and knowing that the people could not all hear him, he paused, and with arms and hands extended towards heaven, exclaimed: 'O Lord God, if I am thy servant, assist and strengthen me once more, to declare thy truth.' After this, he felt himself quickened and revived, through the power of God, and stood, appearing like a 'flame of fire,' during the closing part of his discourse." "That sermon," added Geisseman, "went home to my heart. I never rested until my soul was converted to God."

After father Geisseman got religion, he opened his house for meetings. Many refreshing

seasons of grace were enjoyed in them. He was an example for Christians, and a pillar in the Church. A few days before his death, I visited him. He was happy in view of his latter end, and afterwards left this world, in hope of a glorious resurrection. Brother J. Crider and myself officiated at his funeral.

At a camp meeting on my brother Abraham's land, near my residence, about forty rowdies had collected together on a Friday night, threatening to storm the camp the next night, if it would not be broken up. Accordingly, on Saturday night about 10 o'clock, they met near the spring, a short distance from the camp. They were armed with clubs and other offensive weapons, well prepared for battle. They uttered repeated huzzas, struck their clubs against the fence, &c.

While this was was going on, I was sitting in the preachers' stand. On hearing the noise, I thought it was at my house. I left the stand and repaired to it, but found all quiet there. I then went to the spring, where the rowdies, under the command of their ring-leader, were mustering their forces in military order. This being done, they moved towards the camp. I quietly, unknown to them, followed in their rear.

When they came to the camp ground, they posted themselves, rank and file, in front of it, making ready for the onset. Just about the time they were making the start for a row, I went peaceably up to the ring-leader, took hold of him by the collar of his coat, and said to him, "What in the world are you going to do? If you make any further disturbance, you subject yourselves to heavy prosecutions. Your names are known. If you do not desist from this disturbance, you will be prosecuted."

At this, he remained speechless and quiet. I then requested him to come into the congregation and take a seat, and hear the preaching, which was then going on. He at once assented. I lead him to a seat, some of his fellows crying out at the same time, "Dont you go. They want to put you under guard." I told him it was not so; he should sit down, which he did. The rest of the gang, seeing their captain grounding arms, became quiet, except two of them, who threw stones into the camp. But, being pursued by some of the camp guard, they fled, and, in the dark, run into a pond of water, in the lower end of a meadow and made their escape through it. After this, there was no more disturbance on the ground.

CHAPTER XIV.

VISITING THE SICK—A BENJAMINITE.

Some years ago, there resided, not one hundred miles from the Rocky Spring, Mr. J ——, with his family. The old folks were over fifty years of age at the time of this occurrence. Their son, with his wife, lived in the same house with them at the time. The son's wife was sick. She was consumptive, and had no hope of recovery. Not being prepared for death, she sent for a certain minister of the gospel, professedly such, and inquired of him, saying,

"Can a person know his sins forgiven, and have peace with God in this world, before he dies?" adding, that "she had heard Samuel Huber preach the doctrine, that we must be born again, and know our sins forgiven in this life, or we will be lost." The minister replied,

"We can not know our sins forgiven in this life."

This did not satisfy her. She sent for a minister of another religious denomination, and asked him the same question. He gave her the same answer the former one had given.

But she was still uneasy with regard to her future state. She sent a messenger to me requesting me to come to see her, as she wished to speak to me about the state of her soul. At the same time, it was added, that I should not let her father-in-law, Mr. J——, know that she had sent for me. It was desired that my visit should appear merely as that of a neighbor, inasmuch as the old gentleman was a wicked man and opposed to religion.

In company with brother John Crider, I went to Mr. J——'s house. The sick woman's husband and his uncle were sitting in the room, where she was lying in bed, at the time we came there. The father-in-law had gone for the Doctor to Strasburg. She then related to us the foregoing conversations, which she had had with the ministers, and requested us to sing and pray with and for her. We commenced to sing, at which her husband and his uncle left the room, and went out of the house. We kneeled down to pray. While brother Crider was praying, the old man having returned, rushed into the room, crying out, "That's enough—that's enough of such things. I want no such work in my house. We had two priests here. We don't want you here. It is time enough when

you are sent for. Let every pig eat out of his own trough." At the same time, he took hold of a chair and lifting it up, continued, "Begone out of my house, or I will knock you down with this chair."

I jumped up from my knees—took hold of the chair he held in his hands—wrested it from him—told him to sit down and be quiet—I wanted to talk to him—adding, that he was not going to scare me off in this way. When I wrested the chair from his hands, he became powerless—said no more—and walked away. I remained for some time, talking with the sick woman, her mother-in-law and her daughter.

After awhile, the old man returned, and said, "Are you here yet?" I said,

"Yes, I am, I came to pay a neighbor's visit. I have done no harm here. I will go away when I please."

I then bade farewell and left. A few days after this the sick woman died. I went early in the morning to attend her funeral. When Mr. J—— saw me approach, he opened the gate, looked much cut down, and lamented, saying my daughter-in-law is dead, and my son is lying sick up stairs; and so this affair ended.

Some time after this, Mr. J——'s grand-son

took sick. He sent for me to come to see him. When I came there, I asked the sick man,

"What do you want with me?" He answered,

"I want you to baptize me, and give me the sacrament." I inquired,

"Have you been converted and experienced a change of heart?" He said,

"No." I told him,

"That baptism and the sacrament would not save him. He must call upon God for mercy and get religion before I would baptize him; as it would be of no use to do so, before he was converted."

He then cried out, that we should sing and pray for him. While singing, the old grandfather, J——, with another old sinner, left the room. We kneeled in prayer. The sick man began to pray in good earnest. After I rose from my knees, he looked me full in the face, still praying. I urged him to pray on, and look to God through Jesus Christ, for mercy. He continued to do so for over one hour, when he was happily converted to God. Clapping his hands, he exclaimed, "Glory to Got! Glory to Got!"

At this juncture, an English woman came

into the room. He continued, "Glory to Got. Got converted my soul. I can talk English now." After this, I administered to him baptism and the Lord's Supper, and left for that evening. The next morning I went to see him again. His bodily pains had left him. He was lying in bed, waving his hands expressive of happiness, and with smiles in his countenance, continued to do so until evening, when he died. By request, I preached his funeral sermon to a large concourse of attendants.

Now, inasmuch as Mr. J—— was a strict church-member—belonged to a religious denomination, we have here one case out of a thousand, in which church-members, who make a religious profession and partake of the sacrament, at the same time have no religion; and not only do they neglect to obtain religion themselves, but also try to prevent others from doing so. How hard and bigoted must have been the heart of this man, to refuse to allow prayer to be made in behalf of his daughter-in-law, when she was so near her latter end! But as he is gone to give an account of his doings before the Judge of all the earth, I forbear further comment, hoping only that others of like stamp, may not do as he did.

On a certain occasion I attended a large camp meeting held on brother Middlecauff's land, a few miles from Hagerstown, Md. Much good was done during its continuance. Among the preachers who attended it, were sons of consolation, with some sons of thunder. There was some smiting with the hand and stamping with the foot, in accordance with prophetic style. The truth was proclaimed in unmistakable terms, by showing to sinners, in and out of Zion, their sins, and the horde of dead religious professors their transgressions.

An occurrence took place during the meeting, which tended to awaken the risibilities of the most sedate person upon the ground. During one of the public services, a diminutive animal in the shape of a "*dandy*," frequently called a *half cut*, was protuberating about the ground. Sometimes he was found on the men's side of the aisle, and at other times on the women's side of it, with whip in hand. It appeared as if he wanted to make up in appearance, what he lacked in stature. This he did by his contemptuous airs, assuming to be something great.

In this way, he continued stalking about the camp, to the great annoyance of the congrega-

tion. Several of the brethren expostulated with him upon the impropriety of his course, and requested him to cease. But these mild means only tended to make him the more obstreperous; and with loud vociferations, he was bent upon annoying the meeting. As the brethren did not wish to raise a tumult during the preaching, they left him alone.

Now, it does not unfrequently happen, in the course of human events, that the old fable of the boy in the apple tree, who would not be persuaded by mild words to come down out of it, but had to submit to the force of stones, is fully illustrated in life, in different ways; and so it was in this case. There was a man in the camp named Andrew Newcomer, son of father Newcomer. This Andrew was in stature somewhat akin to "Goliath of Gath." The dandy was a mere pigmy compared with him. Andrew, seeing that mild words had no effect upon this "son of Belial," and also believing, in accordance with the declaration of old, that "the wicked shall be cast out of the congregation," cooly, and in good humor, went to him, and taking hold of him by the collar of his coat with his left hand and fastening his right hand on the seat of his pants, lifted him up before all

the people and the preachers, as a woman would lift up and carry her child upon her hands. In this posture, to the amusement of some and astonishment of others, he carried him out of the camp, and pitched him upon a brush heap. And so, after this "*Benjaminite*" had recovered from his fright, he got up and scampered off as fast as his legs could carry him. To the great joy of all the people, he was no more seen upon the ground. The devil had met with his match, and the exercises of the meeting went on without further molestation.

Many years ago, brother Samuel Bowman resided in the State of Maryland. He was the owner of a good limestone farm, and doing well in the world. But, inasmuch as he enjoyed no rest or contentment in his then situation, he sold out and removed to Aughwick valley, near the Burnt Cabins, Pa., and settled upon sterile land. After he had remained there for some time, he desired to have religious meetings in his house. He requested brothers John and David Bear, father Dehuff, John Crider, and myself, to preach there, which we did alternately, at regular appointments, for several years. After that, his house was taken into a circuit, and became a regular preaching place for the United Brethren.

At one time a camp meeting was appointed to be held on his ground. At the appointed time in the morning, as I was preparing to leave home for the camp, I was waited upon by Mr. Taylor, with an urgent request to come to Mr. Christian Lutz's house, near Greenvillage, to visit his daughter Nancy, who was then sick. I told him, that

"I was just about starting for the Burnt Cabins' camp." He replied,

"You must come, as Nancy Lutz will not be satisfied unless you do so."

I went. When I arrived in the house, Miss Lutz was confined to bed with a fever. It was said she had the "yellow fever." I asked her,

"What do you want with me!" She answered,

"I want you to sing, and pray for me. I cannot consent to die in my present condition."

Accordingly, I complied with her request. After this, when about to leave, she begged me earnestly to tarry until 8 o'clock in the evening. But, inasmuch as I had promised to attend the camp meeting, I bade her farewell and left. When I got home, the day was far spent. I concluded to remain over night and start for the camp in the morning. That night I could

not sleep. Nancy Lutz was continually present to my mind. Next morning I rose up early. My wife asked me,

"Are you going to the camp?" I said,

"Not at present. I have no rest. I must go back to see Nancy Lutz, before I go."

At the moment I had mounted my horse to go there, Mr. Taylor came to me and said,

"You must come back to see Nancy again. She cannot rest unless you do so."

I went with him. When we came there, Mr. C. Lutz's wife was lying a corpse, having died the preceding night. Old Mr. Lutz and his daughter Nancy, living in a separate part of the house, were confined to bed.

It was during the time, when a destructive epidemic raged throughout the country. I entered the room where they were. Nancy was in a slumber. I looked at her for a short time, and then walked out of the room, intending to depart. Mr. Taylor followed me out, and said to me,

"You are not going off, are you?" I replied,

"There is no use for me to stay. She is dying and knows nothing more about this world." He said,

"You must not go yet. She will recover

some, soon. She was talking about you nearly all the past night."

So I remained. In the meantime, Nancy awakened out of her slumber, and said to me,

"I want you to sing and pray." Her Father said,

"I don't think it necessary to pray. She is too far gone. But you may sing a few verses." Nancy said,

"You must sing and pray with me once more. I cannot consent to die in my present condition."

During this time, butchering was going on in the kitchen part of the house. Preparations were making for Mrs. Christian Lutz's funeral. Mr. Lutz said,

"How can you pray, while there is so much noise in the house?"

I then went into the kitchen, and said to the persons there,

"Nancy wants me to sing and pray once more, before she dies."

I requested them to come into the room and unite with us in worship. To this they assented—came into the room and united in singing. After singing, I said, "I will pray once more. Let us kneel." They knelt with me. While

engaged in prayer, I felt access to God. Before I had concluded, Nancy received the blessings of redeeming love. When I rose up from my knees, she was clapping her hands, weak as she was in body, praising her blessed Redeemer, and then said,

"You can go to the camp meeting now. The Lord has pardoned my sins. I am happy, and can die in peace."

I left, rejoicing on my way home. That night Nancy's spirit left her body, and went to the glory land. The next morning I started for the camp. When I arrived there, I was asked,

"What kept you away so long?"

I related the cause and circumstances. One of the brethren said,

"Glory to God, for that; one more soul saved;" to which others responded, Amen!

I remained on the camp ground, in the capacity of Presiding Elder, until the meeting closed. During its continuance, among other converts, brother Bowman's son George and his wife, got religion. Thirty-two persons came forward—professed conversion, and joined the Church.

When I saw how the work of God prospered in this region, it reminded me of a conversation I had held, prior to this time, with father De-

huff. I asked him, Why it was, that Bowman had no peace, nor contentment, although a converted man, at the time he resided on a good farm, and was doing well in the world; but, that he should have left it and moved to Aughwick valley, a poor country, when he could have done much better where he had lived. Dehuff referred me to Psalm 68: 14: "When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in Salmon." The German version reads, "Wenn der Allmächtige hin und wieder unter ihnen Könige setzet, so wird es helle, wo es dunkel ist." From this verse, it is evident, that God scatters his servants over the earth, by sending them into regions of country where spiritual darkness and wickedness reigns, to open the way for the preaching of the Gospel. By such means the truth is propagated. As "snow" is "white," representing light, so the light of God's word is "white as snow in darkness," bringing mankind out of it into its "marvelous light."

But the passage quoted, says, "The Almighty scattered kings." Are all God's servants "kings?" John in the Revelations, says, "And" he "has made us kings and priests unto God and his Father." From this, it ap-

pears, that God's true children are "kings," in a certain sense. As, however, I do not intend to preach a sermon on this point here, I will try to illustrate the case of Bowman by means of a dialogue.

Question. "Were there not other people residing in that country at the time, who could have done the same things which Bowman did, without his leaving his comfortable situation and moving there?"

Answer. "There were other persons there, who could have done a like work as he did; but they did not do so."

Q. "Why not?"

A. "Because they were unconverted, unwilling to do so, being lovers of the world and pleasure, more than lovers of God. They had no relish for such things as the cause of God."

Q. "How came it to pass then, that, after the pioneers of the Gospel had settled and preached in those dark regions, many of the people adopted their views, and fell into and practised the same measures with them?"

A. "Such are the workings of God's Spirit upon men's hearts, that, when they become changed by it, their faculties, formerly engaged in worldly pursuits, are now employed in the cause of God."

Q, "But could not God have converted some of them, and set them to work, without sending foreign instruments among them?"

A. "What God could have done, it is not our province to decide. One thing, however, is certain: He has, in many cases, converted a solitary sinner in the wilderness, without foreign aid, through whom, as an instrument, the way was opened for the Gospel. But, as a general rule, he sends his missionaries into remote corners of the earth, with the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and when he has a *particular* work for an individual to perform, *impressions* are made upon his mind by the Holy Spirit to that effect. It was under such *impressions*, *I opine*, that Bowman, and many others, emigrated to places, where they were most needed, in order to open the way for Christ's kingdom."

CHAPTER XV.

MY AFFLICTION—FAMILY AFFAIRS.

In the year 1842, on the 22nd day of August, I was well and hearty as usual. Heretofore, I had had but little sickness, being a

healthy man. That night, after having retired to bed, about 11 o'clock I rose up and went out on the porch for the purpose of inhaling fresh air. I then began to feel somewhat unwell. After remaining on the porch about one minute, I returned into the room, when I was suddenly struck senseless and fell down on the floor. In this state I lay for about one hour, after which I recovered my senses, and came to my feelings. I then felt a severe pain in my breast and back. I took three doses of pills in a short time; but they did no me good whatever. The pains continued to increase so much, that I had to get on my hands and knees to enable me to get up.

In this situation I remained in excruciating pain, from Monday night until the Friday night following. Dr. N. B. Lane was then sent for. He arrived next morning. He asked me,

"What do you want; are you afraid to die?" I answered,

"I am not afraid to die. We must all die once. But, perhaps, you can relieve me of my pains?" He rejoined,

"I will try my best to do so." I said,

"If you think you cannot relieve me, don't try experiments on my body. But let me die at once."

And so he commenced administering medicines with care and attention. He turned me over on my right side, in which situation I lay for two weeks. During this time, the pains continued to shoot through my back, like electric shocks, with inconceivable torture ; and the flesh on my hip decayed and fell off from the bones. At one time, my wife had turned me over from my side, upon my back. When the Doctor came to my bed side, he said,

"I have a blister for your back." I said,

"No, Sir ! None of that. Look at my hip."

After looking at it, he remarked to my wife and a bystander, "His hip needs no blister. There will be no more pain in it, inasmuch as the flesh has decayed and become black." He then wanted to put a blister on my back. I said,

"No ! That won't do. If you take the skin from off my back with a blister, how am I to lie ? for I cannot lie on my side. If you do put it on, and I have power enough in me, I will tear it off, and throw it on the floor." He replied, smiling,

"If you want to suffer pain a while longer, so be it," and left for that time.

In this condition I lay during five weeks, not

having any power in my legs whatever. But, at the same time, my mind and voice were as strong as usual. After having suffered in this way, during the time above stated, Doctor Lane being in attendance, said, inquiringly,

"What am I to do with you? The medicine which I gave you, appears to have no effect whatever." I answered,

"You are the Doctor, and should know."

He then prepared some medicine, which he requested me to take, viz: one powder at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and one dose of pills the same evening. All this I attended to, according to prescription. On the same day, it being Sunday, about 11 o'clock at night, I became so sick, in consequence of taking those nostrums, that I thought I must die. I felt languid, as though I were going to depart. Just then, I heard my brother Benjamin say, "Now he is gone." These were the last words I then heard. I became senseless in body, and lay as if dead, "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth."

It appeared to me, that I was standing on the borders of this world, looking with admiration on the beauties and extent on the other side of it. It seemed as if a person was standing along

side of me. I was so much enraptured with the beauteous sight beyond, that I requested him to take me across to the other side. He said, "Not yet. You must return back again to where you came from." After I recovered out of this state, I saw the persons who were standing around my bed. I spoke to them, saying, "I believe I am in my cabin house yet." It appeared to me, that this world and my house were so diminutive compared with the magnitude of the other world I saw, that they were scarcely worth noticing. After remaining for some short time in this condition, a voice spake to my mind, "It is enough." I answered, "Yes! this is enough for once." So I laid quiet until a short time before day light, pondering over my condition; no person being in the room at the time. I still felt the aforementioned pains shooting through my body, when suddenly, two shocks in succession, like electricity, went through my body. In an instant, all my pains were gone. I felt no more of them.

Next morning, Doctor Lane inquired how I felt. I said very well, so far. I feel no pain at all. The powder and pills I took by your directions almost killed me. I continued, Doctor, you may take your preparations home. I will

not take any more of them; for I received an impression last night, plain as if spoken in my ears, that I should take no more medicine. He smiled. I told him, the way to prove whether my impression respecting the medicines be correct or not, is to let me do without them for a few weeks. To this he agreed. And so for nearly three weeks, I refrained from taking medicine, and continued to grow better in body.

At the Doctor's next visit, he found me nearly sitting up in bed. He looked at me with a pleasant countenance, and said, "What a wonderful man you are!" However, I still felt much weakness in my back, and could not set up in bed, without being supported by pillows. The Doctor advised me to sit up in bed, and gradually move my body backward and forward, in order to gain strength, until I should become sufficiently strong to sit erect. This advice I followed, and by degrees recovered my usual strength and health of body; for all which I am thankful to God.

During my affliction, it took from five to six men to turn me over, from one side to the other. At the end of the first two weeks, after the flesh had decayed from my hip, the pain in it somewhat subsided, although pains con-

tinued, with great severity, in other parts of my body. After some wanderings of mind, occasioned by pains, my soul was resigned to the will of God. I felt no earthly cares. I gave up my will to God. I could say, "The Lord gave" health, "and the Lord has" afflicted, "blessed be the name of the Lord." The fear of death was gone. I felt ready to go at my Master's call.

Throughout the continuance of my affliction, hundreds of brethren, and other people, visited me. Some came to comfort, and others to dictate. Brother J. Rhinehart, at one time told me, "I was wanting in the exercise of patience—was too restless under pain—should be more calm —and lay quiet." To this I replied, "Can you stay the thunder and lightning, when it hovers over us? I can no more avoid the strokes of pain running through my body, than you can stop thunder and lightning." This settled the point with him. He decamped.

At one time a number of my brethren, and other persons, were in my house. In their conversations with each other, they complained much of the hardness of the times, scarcity of money, &c. I reproved them for their murmurings against providence, by reminding them

that, having health, food and raiment, they should therewith be content; and also, that there was a vast difference between persons enjoying good health, and suffering afflictions. In most cases, however, they appeared more like "Job's comforters," than like brethren come to comfort me in my afflictions. Their conversations savored of the opinion, that all my afflictions were sent as judgments for sins committed; and when God's children are afflicted, it is in consequence of their sins.

Now I do not, by any means, reject the doctrine, that afflictions are frequently sent as just judgments from God upon transgressors of his law. But, I opine, that this is not the case in every instance, in which God's children are chastised. I could frequently hear those brethren talk among themselves, and say, that they thought "I must have committed some secret sin against God, for which he sent this heavy affliction upon me." But some of those good brethren in their "zeal for censure," had either not read in holy writ, or if they had read, could not understand, that some of God's most faithful children had undergone the severest affliction. And, as some of my dictating brethren professed at least to be Scripture readers, it

might have been thought, that they had read the case of "Job," who was "a perfect and upright man, fearing God and eschewing evil," so that even the devil could not bring a just accusation against him. Notwithstanding his "integrity," he was still afflicted, almost beyond human endurance.

From the course that some of my comforters took, it did almost appear, that they had not read the case of "JOB." Or, if they had read it, it sounded a little "*queer*," that they could not comprehend how it was, that a righteous man may be brought under the rod of affliction without having committed a particular sin. But, inasmuch as they continued to judge me, according to their own notions, or perhaps according to their own failings, I, therefore, while confined to my bed, referred them to several portions of the apostle Paul's writings, such as the following:

"And ye have forgotten the exhortation, which speaketh unto you as unto children: My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If you endure chastening, God dealeth with you as

with sons: for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not. But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons. Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection to the father of spirits and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure: but he for our profit that we might be partakers of his holiness." Heb. 12: 5–10.

In addition to the foregoing, I called their attention to the following:

"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me: My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." 2 Cor. 12: 7–9.

"And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores." Luke 16: 20.

I also propounded to them the following questions, viz:

"Whether Paul, after he had been in the third heavens, had committed a particular sin, in consequence of which 'A thorn was given him in the flesh,' with which to be 'buffeted by Satan?'"

"Whether 'Lazarus' had committed a particular sin, that he was afflicted with 'sores?'"

To these, they made no answer.

It appeared to me to be almost impossible, to convince *some* of my brethren, that a righteous man may be afflicted, without having committed some particular sin. Now, although I had made it my constant practice, after I had set out in God's service, to fear Him and do the works of righteousness, nevertheless, I had to lament my short comings. Still, I felt no condemnation, in consequence of wilful omissions of duties towards God. And as he had honored me far more than I felt myself to deserve, as an instrument in his hands to further his cause, I looked upon my affliction as sent from him, "lest I should be exalted above measure, through the revelation given to me," and by reason of the many souls I had good reason to believe had been converted through my ministrations. I, therefore, felt resigned to my condi-

tion, knowing, "that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

I told several of my comforters, that I feared their religion consisted more in *profession*, than in *possession*, and unless they would undergo chastisement, more or less, they had reason to fear, that they were "*bastards* and not *sons*." In order to sustain my position, I further quoted Zachariah 13: 8–9, "And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die: but the third part shall be left therein. And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God." And Malachi 3: 2. 3, "But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap. And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness."

Taking into view the Scripture passages quoted in the present connection, it is plain to

be seen, that God's servants must be tried through the furnance of affliction, in order to humble them. Besides all this, man does not, at all times, know himself. When he enjoys health and prosperity, he may readily TRUST IN GOD, and conclude, that he is fully resigned to his will. But when circumstances are changed by means of adversity and affliction, he may find within himself a disposition differing much from that which he supposed he had. He may find that he is not altogether so submissive to his situation, as he had thought he would be. There are some dispositions, which lay dormant in the heart for want of proper occasions to develop them. But when bodily or other afflictions are sent upon us, we find out what kind of spirits we possess, whether they are gold or dross, patient or impatient; and for this reason, God afflicts his children, for the trial of their faith and patience; and that they may know their own hearts. Throughout my afflictions, the grace of God was my support. I firmly believed, that it was for my "profit that I might be a partaker of his holiness," as before stated, that God dealt with me in the manner in which he did.

During the continuance of my affliction,

preaching, and prayer meetings were almost constantly held in my house. At one time, when all hope of my recovery was given up, brother Nicholas Patterson, a Presbyterian minister, paid us a visit; and there being a great many persons present at the time, he preached to us from 2 Timothy 4: 7, 8, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

In his remarks upon the subject, after alluding to my ministerial labors, he said, in words similar to the following: "Brother Huber will soon be gone! You will then no longer see and hear him admonishing sinners to flee the wrath to come. After he is gone, his zealous labors will no longer be seen and felt among you. People will then look back upon former days, in which they heard him preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. But as he 'fought the good fight,' 'finished his course,' 'kept the faith,' he will now reap the crown of righteousness, laid up for all God's faithful servants,' &c."

Now, although the brother, with the rest of his hearers, had concluded almost to a *certainty*, that my earthly race had been run, yet the good Lord thought otherwise, and raised me up again, to resume my labors in his vineyard. In view of the above, and similar remarks, made by brother Patterson, it was reported that he had preached my funeral sermon before I was dead.

DEATH OF PART OF MY FAMILY.

I will here give a statement of some incidents connected with the religious experiences of part of my family. My daughter Elizabeth was born on the 23rd of March, 1807. At about the age of ten years, she became awakened to a sense of her lost condition, and commenced to seek the Lord through the means of grace; and although she led a good moral life, she had not yet arrived at that state of religious experience in which she had confidence to believe, that she had felt a change of heart. In this state of mind she grew up to the age of twenty odd years, when she was married to her cousin, Benjamin Huber, and lived with him about ten years. In the month of August, 1841, she took sick. Her sickness commenced with the night sweat. The physician, who attended her, said she was consumpted. After a linger-

ing illness of about four months' continuance, the doctor gave up her case as incurable, and told us, that "we should inform her that he could not help her." This was on Sunday. That evening I told her what the doctor had said. She calmly replied,

"If the doctor can't help me, I must look for help elsewhere," and commenced to call upon God in fervent prayer, believing every day to be her last. In this way she continued one week. On the following Sunday, she asked me,

"Do you intend to go to meeting to-day?" I replied,

"My appointment is at brother Stouffer's. I thought of going there to preach." She rejoined,

"Sing and pray before you go."

With the family we kneeled, and prayed in her behalf. When the rest of us rose up, she remained upon her knees in devotion, and continued in this posture during the fore-part of that day. At length her mother lifted her up and placed her in bed. In the evening, during the time of prayer meeting in the house, she was blest in a measure; but was not fully satisfied with regard to the evidence of her spiritual

adoption. Next morning she told us that she had dreamed the preceding night, and said,

"I saw in my dream a company of angels, and Jesus Christ with them, attended with inexpressible, rapturous, harmonious sounds of music, and while they were moving onward, they encircled and placed me in their midst, and took me some distance with them. After this, they left me and went off." I asked her,

"Do you understand the dream." She replied,

"It betokened, that I am not ready to go yet."

I encouraged her, by presenting God's promises to the earnest seekers of salvation, and told her, to lay hold upon Christ by faith, assuring her that he would reveal himself to her in a more powerful manner, &c. On the following Tuesday evening, the circuit preacher preached in my house. It was his regular appointment. After preaching, we continued in prayer for some time, in the course of which, I requested the preacher to sing and pray again. But it appeared as though he had no religion, or had lost what he had, *if he ever had any at all.* For he leaned his head forward on the table where he was sitting, and remained "*mum.*" Seeing

no other way, I delivered an exhortation. Two persons got under conviction, and remained on their knees in prayer. While the meeting was thus going forward, my daughter received a more powerful blessing in her soul than she had received before, and expressed herself accordingly. I said to her,

"Are you satisfied now." She replied,

"Yes! glory to God, I am."

She continued exulting in her Saviour in a happy frame of mind, from Tuesday night until the Thursday night following. On that evening a great many relatives and other persons were sitting in the room. Elizabeth was sitting in the rocking chair. Suddenly she exclaimed to the astonishment of all present,

"Glory to God! I can go now. I see the company of angels I saw in my dream. They are here now. Don't you see them? I see them as plainly as I see you, and Jesus in their midst."

She clapped her hands, and laughed tears of joy in the near prospect of going to meet her Saviour, saying, "If I had power, I would jump upon my feet and praise the Lord." In this happy state of soul she continued, her bodily strength still decreasing. On Sunday evening,

as she was lying upon her bed, another death-like spell came over her. She lay as if dead. We concluded that she was dead, when unexpectedly she raised her right arm and said, "Glory—Glory," &c. After this she became more calm and partook of some refreshment that night.

On Monday she felt somewhat easier in body, but still expecting to die. On Tuesday evening, at the time we were sitting around her bed, expecting her last moments on earth, Mr. George Lightner, a near neighbor, came hastily to my house, with a request for me to go to his house, as his mother was about dying. I told him I could not go then, as we were awaiting the death of Elizabeth. She overheard our conversation, and said, "Father, go." I mounted my horse, and, with hasty pace, went with him. When I arrived at his house, his mother was just about leaving this world. We kneeled in prayer, after which she revived for a short time, and then expired, with the hope of a joyful resurrection. This was about 7 o'clock in the evening. I then returned home. My daughter asked me,

"How is Mrs. Lightner?" I answered,

"She has gone to her long home." She replied,

"By to-morrow morning there will be another one gone."

The next morning about 7 o'clock, the 22nd of December, 1841, she departed this life, praising the Lord, that she was going to join Jesus her Saviour, with the angels above. She left her son Samuel, who is now living, to the care of her husband, with affectionate requests to bring him up in the fear and ways of the Lord. May Samuel remember his mother's prayers in his behalf!

An opinion has obtained currency with some people, that children, in their juvenile years, cannot obtain religion; and this opinion is grounded upon the presumption, that juveniles have not the capacity to discern the difference between the workings of God's Spirit upon their hearts, and other influences. From such premises it is argued, that they should not be taught to look for a change of heart, until they arrive to a state of maturity. For if they were to receive a blessing from the Lord upon their souls, they could not know whether they were made happy through grace, or by other means. It would, therefore, be useless to teach them in that way. In order to show the futility of such opinions, I will here state a case, which came under my own observation.

My son Solomon, between the age of five and six years, used to go into the room, kneel down and pray daily, with as much decorum as grown persons, and when he came out from his devotion, his countenance indicated that he *felt* in prayer. His features were calm and serene. Not a smile was to be seen in his face. In this way he continued until the fall of 1816, when he was afflicted with the head Pleurisy. Doctor Jeremiah Senseny attended him. After being confined to bed with that disease nine days, one morning, after family prayer, whilst we were singing a hymn, he jumped out of bed, clapping his hands, shouting "Glory," in ecstacy of joy, saying, "The Lord has blest my soul and made me happy." He continued leaping and praising in that strain from out of his bed room into the adjoining room, until his strength became exhausted. His mother then placed him in bed, where he lay a few days, and expired, in November, 1816.

THE LAST DAYS OF MY FIRST WIFE.

In the winter of 1854, my first wife, Nancy, was taken ill with inflammatory fever. Doctor Richards was her physician. After attending to her case for about two weeks, one Monday

morning he said she was convalescent and needed no more medicine. Accordingly, her health improved, and she was able to attend to some of her domestic affairs. The following Thursday morning, after leaving her bed as usual, and remaining up for several hours, she told us that she had had a wonderful dream the preceding night. She said, "In my dream I saw a large building, in extent and magnitude beyond the reach of my sight. There appeared to be no end to it whatever. It looked white as snow; clear and transparent as glass. A person seemed to be employed about the building. He came to me and said that the house was finished. At this I awoke out of my sleep."

That day, as she told us, the building which she saw in her dream appeared to be constantly before her eyes, in all its beauty and splendor. She could not rid herself of the sight. In the evening, my son-in-law, Benjamin Huber, his wife and son Samuel, came to my house. My wife was then lying in bed, somewhat enfeebled, but having no pain. She conversed freely and in a happy manner. She told them her dream. And while the family, with other persons, were sitting in an adjoining room in conversation, she called Hannah Stouffer into her room, and then

got up out of bed, and said, "that building is still before my eyes." While in the act of making a few steps, she was instantly struck with Apoplexy—expired—and fell on her bed. Thus the Lord took from me my beloved wife and helpmeet, on the 20th day of January, 1854, aged 67 years, 11 months and 23 days, after having lived happily together nearly forty-eight years.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO ANGELS—A UNIVERSALIST—STATISTICS OF THE UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH.

MOTHER SENSENY'S EXPERIENCE.

At one time I was sent for by Mrs. A. Senseny, then eighty years of age, widow of Dr. A. Senseny, deceased, to pay her a ministerial visit. When I came to her, she said,

"Inasmuch as I am now old and well stricken in years, I do not expect to live much longer in this world. Therefore I have sent for you, to ask counsel respecting my spiritual condition." I asked her,

"Well! Have you been trying to serve the Lord during your past life?" She replied,

"Yes! I have been trying to serve him upwards of forty years; but I have not yet obtained evidence of my acceptance with him. I have many doubts and fears. I fear my soul will be lost." I rejoined,

"It is sometimes difficult for one person to give correct advice to another, respecting the state of his soul, without knowing something about his religious experience." She said,

"I can relate to you the exercises of my mind and my experience in that way, if you wish to hear it." I said,

"Well! Relate to me your religious experience. I may then be able to give you correct counsel." With this request she complied, and, among other things related, she said,

"I have read the Bible and prayed to God daily during forty years past; but, after all, I am not satisfied, because I want the spiritual evidence which I think Christians should have, according to the teachings of the Holy Scriptures." I then told her,

"Your spiritual state is just like a person standing or sitting outside of a house, wanting to get into it, when the door is shut. Your duty is to believe in Jesus Christ, and continue in prayer to God. 'Knock and it shall be

opened unto you,' to enter the spiritual house. If God intended your destruction, he would have cut you off long ago."

By this admonition she became much encouraged, and continued by faith and prayer, to lay hold upon the hope set before her. I left her the next morning. Some time after this, I received another message, requesting me to visit her again. In company with Joseph Hoffman, I went to see her. When we came into the room where she was, I inquired of her health, &c. But, as she was much affected, she could not, in consequence of the deep emotions of her heart, answer for some time. At length, addressing me, she said,

"A few days after you left me, at your first visit, I was lying in bed, reflecting over my state. There was no person in the room at the time. Suddenly, the door opened silently, and two men, clothed in white raiment, with smiling countenances entered the room, walked up to my bed side and spoke peace to my doubting heart. All my doubts and fears were removed. One of them held a piece of paper in his hand, and wrote my name upon it, and said, 'Your name is recorded in heaven.' After this, they vanished out of sight." She continued,

"What was the reason, that I could not believe like other Christians; but had to give the good Lord so much trouble that he had to send two angels to bless me, before I could fully believe his word?" I replied,

"The Lord could not save you in any other way than that by which he brought Cornelius to the light." I referred to Acts 10: 3-4, "He saw in a vision evidently, about the ninth hour of the day, an angel of God coming in to him, and saying unto him, Cornelius, and when he looked upon him, he was afraid, and said, What is it, Lord? And he said unto him, thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God."

Shortly after this she departed this life, happy in the Lord.

COMMENCEMENT OF "BIG MEETINGS."

Inasmuch as some of the old "land marks" of United Brethrenism, in some places, have been removed, and other more fashionable ones, suited to the times, erected in their stead, it may not be out of place to call the attention of the reader, to the way and manner in which brethren in former times used to hold meetings and provide for the accommodation of the people who attended them. It was no uncommon

thing then, for a brother farmer to give out an appointment for a "big meeting" to be held at his house. And it was expected, as a matter of course, that the people attending it should have something to eat while there. For this reason, provision for the people and provender for the horses, were prepared in sufficient quantities to meet the wants of the expected assemblage. It was not considered a strange thing among United Brethren, for the brother at whose house the meeting was to be held, to slaughter a few hogs, sheep, or calves, and, on extra occasions, a beef; and to have a quantity of bread—cakes—and pies baked, with bushels of potatoes and other vegetables ready for use.

In addition to these preparations, one indispensable item in the farmer's utensels needed for such an occasion, was a large table, from ten to twenty feet in length, and from four to five feet in breadth. The top of it was made of good old tough oak or pine boards, from one to two inches in thickness. These were placed upon a frame, supported by feet made of oak or pine scantling, from three to four inches square. This table was then decorated with pewter and earthen dishes, with cups and saucers of the latter material, pewter spoons, iron knives and forks, together with large pewter

and earthen dishes and bowls, which were placed on the centre, as receptacles for eatables, and out of which the consumers were supplied.

These "big meetings" were attended by crowds of people. Some came from a great distance. The hosts at whose houses the meetings were held, were not SCARED, when they saw carriages, wagons and vehicles of all sizes, then in use, drawn by four legged animals and loaded with saints and sinners coming to the meetings. Some came to see and to be seen; others, to hear preaching. In many instances, from one to two hundred persons were entertained and fed during the meeting, together with their horses. At the meeting at Daniel Whisler's, before referred to, upwards of four hundred persons took dinner at his house on the Sabbath.

The anxiety to hear the gospel then felt in many hearts, may be illustrated by an incident the editor of this work heard related by brother H. Kumler, Jr. He said, "At one time as he was riding along the road, he met a woman coming towards him with great haste. He enquired of her, 'Where are you going to in such haste?' She replied, 'I am going to meeting. I want to hear preaching.'" And as she was neither walking, nor riding, how think you,

reader, she was going? Why, "she was RUNNING to hear the gospel preached."

But, while the brethren were thus holding meetings and entertaining people free of charge at their houses, it was often remarked by other persons, with respect to a certain individual, that he would be "eaten out of house and home in a short time, go to rack, &c." Now, I do not wish to be understood to say, that a person, who is distinguished for his hospitality, may not, in some instances, become bankrupt, through miscalculated speculations, or unforseen circumstances. But, so far as my personal knowledge extends, and it is not very limited, I have never known a person who became poor in worldly affairs, by giving of his substance to the cause of God.

There once resided in Lancaster county, Pa., a brother, whose house was a general rendezvous for preachers and other persons. Father Newcomer said to him one time, "that he thought the preachers were becoming too hard on him, by putting up at his house so often. To this, the brother replied, "If you want me to get rich in the world, just send me as many people as you can. I will entertain them free of charge and be glad to do it." He carried out the measure of hospitality to its full extent,

by entertaining free of charge all who came to him, and they were not a few. He increased in worldly riches, to a great extent, and fully realized the declaration of Scripture, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given him, shall be returned to him again."

It was by such means as those referred to, that the United Brethren shed a salutary influence around them, and prevailed on the people to come to their meetings. They counted it good pay for their trouble and expense, when sinners were converted, and believers established in the faith. The same spirit of hospitality exists among many of them at this day. Whilst, however, I make these remarks respecting the hospitality of the United Brethren, I also say, that there are members of other religious denominations also, who manifest the same spirit of liberality, and even excel in it. My object in noting such things is to show how United Brethrenism began, and is still prosecuted to a great extent.

Now, although the first United Brethren preachers, with few exceptions, preached without pay, it must be understood, that, in most cases, they were farmers, and could afford to do so. I received during my ministry of over for-

ty years continuance, less than twenty dollars, for travelling expenses and preaching. All this does not, however, prove, that men, who pursue no other calling than that of the ministry, should labor in it without a competent remuneration. I hold, that a preacher of the gospel should be supported by the gospel, provided, however, that he be faithful to his calling. I will state, in this connection, that I frequently left home in the morning, rode to Amberson's or Path vallies, across two mountains, preached there at an appointment, and returned the same night, making a distance going and returning of thirty-four miles.

There resided some years ago, near the Caledonia Iron works, Franklin county, Pa., two men with their families, none of whom had religion at the commencement of the following occurrence. The names of the two men were, J. F. and R. O. They were brother-in-laws. R. O. was a violent opponent of the Methodists. He would not permit any members of his family to go to their meetings. The Methodist meeting house was not far from R. O's. dwelling. They wanted a sexton for it. In order to get the situation, R. O. pretended to be one of their greatest friends, and became sexton.

All this he related afterwards. On one occasion, during preaching in the meeting house, as it was his duty as sexton, to be there, the word preached made some impression on his heart. After meeting, on returning home, he told his wife and J. F., who, with his family, were at his house at the time, "that the Methodist preacher was a wonderful man," and requested them "to come and hear him preach in the evening." Accordingly, the two men with their wives went to hear the preacher. But their prejudices against the Methodists would not permit them to take their children with them.

After the parents were gone, the children being left in the house, several of them young girls, the oldest said to the rest, "Our parents have gone to the meeting, and would not let us go with them. We may as well sing and pray at home." So they began to sing—pray—and call upon Him, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

They continued in their worship for some time, during which four of them got religion and were made happy, shouting and praising the Lord. When the parents returned from the meeting, and saw their children in this situa-

tion, they looked upon them with surprise and astonishment; and as R. O. had always opposed such things as shouting, he, with the rest of his relatives, said, "This convinced them, that it was not the work of man, as they had thought it was, but the work of God." The parents then began to pray for themselves, and in the course of some time afterwards, experienced the new birth and followed the Lord.

Some time after the affair with R. O. and J. F. and their families had taken place, D. F., brother to J. F., at this time residing with his family near my house, and not knowing any thing about the conversion of his brother and relatives, near Caledonia, had occasion to cross the South mountain. On his way, he called upon his brother-in-law, R. O., who told him the circumstance of the children's and parents' conversion, &c. They then held a family prayer meeting. D. F. afterwards said, "that the children's prayers were fervent and affecting enough to soften a stone." During the meeting, he got under conviction for his sins. Next morning, in great distress of soul, he resumed his journey. At one place, before he got over the mountain, it appeared to his vision, that the

earth had opened just before him, and that he could see hell beneath. Fearing to go another step forward, lest he should sink into the abyss, he stopped his horse, alighted and fastened him to a tree, then fell upon his knees, and wrestled with God in prayer until he was blest. He then went on his way rejoicing. On his return to R. O. and relatives, he related what the Lord had done for his soul on the way. Upon this they had a happy time of it. When he came home, he came to me in great haste, giving me an account of his conversion, &c., &c. Before he obtained religion, he used to say, "that people could enjoy religion without making church bells of themselves, by sounding it abroad." I reminded him of that, and said, "How comes it, that you are making a bell of yourself now?" He replied, "Circumstances alter cases. A person may talk about keeping religion to himself, when he *has none;* but when he *gets converted*, he feels it to be rather a hard matter to keep it a *secret.*"

STATISTICS.

The following statistics of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, are taken from the most correct data which I could obtain:

Annual Conferences.

Pennsylvania,	East Pennsylvania,	Allegheny.
Virginia,	Parkersburg,	Miama.
Michigan,	Auglaize,	Canada.
Muskingum,	Tennessee,	St. Josephs.
Illinois,	Wabash,	Indiana.
Missouri,	Des Moines,	Iowa.
Minnesota,	Kansas,	Oregon.
Erie,	Sciota,	Maumee.
White River,	Sandusky,	*Rock River.

*A German Conference.

The number of preachers and members belonging to these Conferences, as given to me by Bishop Davis, are about one thousand preachers, one half of whom are itinerants, and about seventy thousand church members, not including baptized infants.

The Church has a Home, Frontier, and Foreign Missionary Society, which employs in the Home field 132 missionaries, and in the Frontier and Foreign field 70. It has expended during the past four years, for

Africa Mission,	. . .	$5,500 00
Oregon "	. . .	3,420 00
Kansas, "	. . .	2,550 00
Missouri, "	. . .	1,750 00
	Caried over,	$13,220 00

Brought over,	$13,220 00
German Miss. Conference,	2,950 00
Michigan " "	1,200 00
Minnesota,	400 00
Canada,	2,310 00
Nebraska,	1,500 00
Total for Frontier and Foreign,	$21,580 00

Expended for home work, as follows:

For the year, ending June, 1854,	$11,128 10
" " " 1855,	13,293 92
" " " 1856,	18,610 19
" " " 1857,	17,070 20
Total expenditures for the home work in four years,	60,102 41
Total for Home, Frontier and Foreign,	81,682 41

The Church has a Printing Establishment in Dayton, Ohio, where is published the "Religious Telescope," together with a large amount of periodicals, books, &c. The Pennsylvania Annual Conference, as taken from the secretary's, W. B. Raber's, records, embracing York, Adams, Cumberland and Franklin counties, with a portion of Fulton, contains sixty-eight regular preaching appointments, forty-five churches, forty-five preachers, and two thousand eight hundred and seventy-four members. This Conference raised the past year $1,300 00 mis-

sionary funds. The United Brethren have, including Salem church, with a membership of over fifty persons, near the Rocky Spring, in Franklin county, Pa., fifteen churches, and in York county, Pa., fourteen churches. From other counties, I have no correct account.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Bishop Newcomer, with other persons, related an occurrence to me which took place in their presence at a camp meeting held in York county, Pa. At one time, during its continuance, the wicked threatened to storm the camp in the night. Towards evening, they began to collect in great crowds, armed with bludgeons and other offensive weapons, making great threats and menaces against the tent holders. Amongst the professors of religion on the ground, might have been seen some, who made great pretensions to faith and trust in providence when no danger was near; but, when surrounded by an approaching hurricane, like Peter on the sea, they began to *sink*. *Fainting hearts* and *pale faces* were seen, occasioned through the fear of being overrun by the enemy. But, as records inform us of instances in which a few righteous, *strong* in *faith*, persons had saved a city; so, in this case, there were also some

praying people, whose trust and faith in a superintending providence became strengthened in the time of danger. These, seeing the camp surrounded and threatened in this hostile manner, betook themselves to prayer, looking to the Lord for help.

Accordingly, towards evening, just about the time the "Amalekites" were preparing themselves for the assault, dark clouds were seen slowly rising above the horizon—thunders were heard rolling in the distance—piles of clouds, swiftly propelled forward by an irresistible force, came rolling over each other and obscured the heavens from view—palpable darkness covered the camp—and then, as if a match had been applied to a fiery element, peals of thunder shot forth from the clouds above—immense flashes of lightning glared throughout the camp—meteors, like large fire balls falling from the zenith to the earth and carried forward by a mighty whirlwind, rolled and flew to and fro over the ground and over the people, and through some of the tents, and went far off into the woods. It appeared as if the battlements of heaven had opened, sending its elements down in successive streams of fire. This scene lasted over one hour, during which time the wicked became so

much terrified, that, by rapid movements, they cleared themselves from the ground. After this phenomenon had subsided, and no one was hurt by it, the meeting went on without further disturbance.

After Newcomer left the ground, on his way to York, he was accosted by some persons, who said to him, "You can now see that your camp meetings are wrong. God sent his fire amongst your people to destroy the camp." To this he replied, "God was our guard, and sent His thunder and lightning to prevent the wicked from doing us injury." And such was really the case.

CHAPTER XVII.

REV. DANIEL FUNKHOUSER'S EXPERIENCE.

By request, I give part of my religious experience and call to the ministry. I was born in Shenandoah county, Virginia, February 18th, 1809. From my earliest recollections, my mind was deeply impressed with thoughts of getting to heaven after my death. The irregular conduct of some professors of religion was a great stumbling block to me. They would partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper together, before and after which, they would curse, swear and fight.

When the United Brethren preachers began to preach to us, a great excitement took place throughout the country in consequence of these false prophets, as they were called. The first preachers who came to us, were C. Newcomer, G. A. Guething and W. Otterbein. When I first heard one of them preach, his words came home to my heart, producing strange feelings. Sure enough, thought I, he may be one of the false spirits, and may bewitch me. O, if I was only out of the house, I exclaimed to myself. However, I remained until the preacher was done. His words produced a great perplexity in my mind, respecting the different societies. I began to pray to God to show me the right way in which to serve him.

The Holy Spirit operated on my heart, when I was but a small boy; but I did not then know what it was. When I was between the age of thirteen and fourteen years, the United Brethren held a camp meeting in our parts. I went to it, in order to see, &c.; but, at the same time, had my fears least I should be caught. I still continued to pray to God, to show me whether these were his people, or not. On Monday morning I went into a tent during the time a prayer meeting was held in it. I crept behind

a tree, which stood in the corner of the tent, still praying to be led in the right way, when suddenly a ray of divine light, quick as lightning, shone into my heart. I saw at once that all was not right with me, and felt my sins sticking to my heart, like burs to a woolen garment. By this I knew that I was unfit for heaven. A heavy burden lay on my heart.

I left the camp and went home without finding peace. Whilst laboring under this conviction, every thing I saw appeared to be in a mournful condition. In this state of mind I remained until the following Friday evening. Some time before night, I went into the woods to pray. I kneeled under a white oak tree. As I began to pray, it appeared to me as if something was running around me at a short distance, making a curious noise. I fancied I could hear the cracking of brush. After some time spent in prayer, I went into a private room up stairs in the house, so that no person should hear me. The family being out at the time, I kneeled beside a bed in prayer, when, instantly, it appeared as if hell were open right under me, and that I was hanging over it, holding with both hands to a small rope stretched across.

My mother, being at the barn, heard me pray.

She came to me and asked what was the matter. I said, "O, mother! pray for a poor boy, who is hanging at a rope over a fiery lake." She kneeled by my side and prayed in my behalf. Whilst in this agony, I heard a still soft voice saying, "Let go the rope." I thought if I would let go my hold, I would drop into the fire. I prayed on. The voice said again, "Let go thy hold." Then one hand let go. The third time it said, "Only let go thy hold." At this I thought, Well, I have deserved nothing else. It is just and right. If I must be lost, I am willing to drop into this fiery lake. I then said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus of Nazareth, here I go;" and let go my hold. I fell on mercy's side, and saw no more of the lake of fire. My burden of guilt was removed. I felt love, joy and peace in my heart. Every thing I saw, appeared in shining colors. I felt like a new boy in a new world, so that I could say with the Apostle, "Old things have passed away and all things have become new." I was in a constant stream of joy and peace, "Not a cloud to hide my sun, nor wave of trouble to roll across my peaceful breast."

Thus I went on, smooth and calm in the stream of glory for four weeks. I now conclu-

ded that this would be my condition throughout my life, and that the tempter would not molest me any more. But here I soon found out my mistake, and had to go through the school of temptation. I still continued to pray in secret. At about the expiration of the four weeks of my happy days, I was in the barn praying as usual. After I had finished, I went to the house. When I got on the steps, the tempter said to my mind, "You have no religion. You are deceived." This set me to doubting. Upon this, I returned to the barn and prayed to God. Whilst thus engaged, it was impressed upon my mind: "You are praying for that which you have already got. Only be faithful. My grace will be sufficient for thee."

I then concluded it to be so, and went to the house again. Just as I sat down on a chair, the tempter said, "You are deceived. You have no religion," &c. I instantly, arose and went into the barn again, up on the haymow, resolved to pray all night. When I began to pray, it was suggested, "What are you doing here? You need not pray. You are worse now than you ever were before. You can't shed tears. You can't feel condemnation. Look

back and see how you could feel and weep before." Knowing part of this to be true, namely, that I felt no guilt, I began to doubt the truth of my experience. The suggestion was continued, "Your heart is much harder than it formerly was, after all your praying. You had better give it up; for you will be lost, any how."

I said audibly, "Devil! if this be you, get behind me. I want to love and serve my God while I live." I continued in prayer, "Now Lord, here I am, a poor ignorant boy. Thou knowest that my heart's desire is to serve thee. O do thou lead me in the right way." And thanks to his holy name, he gave me a powerful blessing. The tempter gave over for that time.

I now went on my way rejoicing in the service of the Lord. Young as I was, my faith and patience were frequently put to the test. I met with severe trials from some of my schoolmates. At times, when they would be playing and gamboling about like school boys do, I would slip off into the woods to pray. At one time, whilst so engaged in the woods, some of the boys, in chase of a rabbit, passed by where I was, and saw and heard me pray. After I

rose from my knees, they stood some distance off, calling out to me, "Have you chased a rabbit in there, that you are barking at it?" Every scholar in the school was teasing me about barking at the rabbit. When they saw that they could not make me angry and get me to quarrel with them, in this way, they tried my patience in another manner. At one time, they threw me down—took hold of my feet—dragged me some distance over the ground and rolled me into a large mud hole. After I got out of it, I said, "You have made me muddy outside. This will rub off." Placing my hand upon my breast, I continued, "You can't soil me in here."

When I retired to the barn to pray, they would watch me and throw a handful of chaff into my face while I was on my knees. Such, and other different trials, I had to undergo in my youthful days. Their object was to make me angry. Had they succeeded, they would have said, "He has no more religion than we have." But the grace of God enabled me to bear all patiently. When enduring these trials, I was about seventeen years of age. I have adverted to these days of my boyhood, merely to show to the youth who may wish to serve God, that

if they prove faithful, "no weapons formed against them can prosper."

In the year 1827, on a certain occasion, whilst I was plowing in a field, being very happy, as I was going up a small hill towards the fence at some distance from it, I heard a voice call me by name, Daniel. I stopped the horses, thinking some one was wanting to enquire the road. But, neither seeing, nor hearing any person, I started the horses. Again, in a little time, the same voice, Daniel, was repeated. I then thought some person wanted to fool me. I stopped the horses again, and leaning my back towards the plough and hearing nothing, I turned around and started the horses. Just as I laid my hands on the plough handles, I heard the same voice, the third time. This time, it appeared just above me. I answered aloud, "What do you want?" It answered, "You must go and preach Jesus to the people." I reflected ten or fifteen minutes, and then said aloud, "This I cannot do," and went on with the ploughing. This circumstance made a deep impression on my mind, respecting my call to the ministry. Sometimes I felt as if I should try to exhort the people to turn to God. But feeling my insufficiency for such a work, I hesi-

tated to take up the cross. I made it a matter of prayer that the Lord would remove these impressions from me. But they continued to deepen. The circuit preachers would often ask me to close the meeting with prayer, after preaching, which I did, and frequently I felt like giving an exhortation. Still I did not do so. I often felt condemned for not exhorting. At one time, during preaching in a school house, my mind was powerfully wrought upon, urging me to speak to the people. Fearing I should be compelled, through my feelings to speak out, I left the house before the preacher had finished his sermon. For this, I underwent a night of misery, being lashed by my conscience. The next day I promised the Lord, that I would try to do better hereafter.

Sometime after this, another meeting was held in the same school house. A great many people assembled. When I came to it, I asked, "Is the preacher come?" It was answered, "No, he is sick." It was suggested to my mind, "Now, go into the house and exhort the people." Feeling my weakness, I did not go in, but left the place with as miserable feelings as a man can well have, which continued three days and nights. At another time, a big meet-

ing was to be held at the same school house. Father Boreing, then Presiding Elder, on his way to it, stopped at my father's house, in Virginia. Boreing requested me to go with him to the meeting. On our way, he asked me,

"Do you never feel as though you should exhort your fellow men?" I rejoined,

"Why do you ask me such a question?" He replied,

"Father Guething told me, that he believed there was something of the kind working in your mind." I said,

"Yes! I often feel as if I should do so."

After this, one day in my troubled spirit, I said in prayer, "O Lord! I am incapable, in consequence of my ignorance in spiritual things, to call sinners to repentance." So he showed me in a vision, a broad road leading downwards, and becoming steeper in its descent. At the end of it was a precipice, which opened over a lake of fire. I saw crowds of human beings going down this road. When they came to the end of it, they plunged into the lake of fire. In the lake they were reeling and tumbling over each other, in constant commotion, like the rolling waves of the sea in a heavy storm. This was accompanied with awful groans, weeping

and wailing beyond human conception, and charging of each other with their own damnation.

On the other side, I saw a narrow way, ascending upwards still higher and higher, leading into a large city. People were walking in it in companies of two, side by side, and others single. Some had just got on the road. All were moving upwards. I saw one entering into the city, which was heaven, clear and shining, like a looking-glass when exposed to the sun. There were millions of happy spirits in large companies together in that place. I saw some there whom I knew in this world, before they left it. They had been very pious here, especially one old pious mother Mary B.——, who had often encouraged me, when I first set out to serve the Lord. They all appeared to be in a state of indescribable happiness.

After beholding these scenes for some time, one said to me, "Now, you know where to call men from, and where to direct them to. Go and exhort your fellow-men." When I recovered out of this state of vision, I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out of it. My feelings at the time, I cannot describe. I wanted to be by myself. I lost my appetite and could

not sleep at night. My brother David slept with me then. I heard him say to father, "I don't believe Daniel sleeps much. He is restless and moans much all night." My pillow was often wet from my tears. That summer, I was afflicted with the dyspepsy. My father thought I would not live out the summer. After some doctoring, I recovered.

On New Years' day, 1830, a quarterly meeting was held fifteen miles from our house, at a place called the Narrow Passage Creek. Boreing was there. At the time of our former conversation, he had said, that if I felt like exhorting at any meeting where he was, I should tell him so. At this meeting, I told him I felt as though I ought to exhort now. At his request, I delivered an exhortation for the first time in my life. While I was speaking, though with much fear and trembling, I felt the power of God in my soul, which encouraged me to persevere. At this quarterly conference, January 2nd, I was licensed as an exhorter in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. I went home rejoicing on my way, exclaiming with the poet,

> "Jesus all the day long, is my joy and my song,
> O that all his salvation might see."

In this frame of mind I continued until the

year 1832, when Satan one day made another attack upon me, by insinuating that all my former calls and visions were delusive; that I was altogether deceived by them. This caused a cloud to come over my mind. I went on my knees to pray, I know not how often that day. Still I did not obtain the victory then. This trial of my faith lasted during the winter. When I would go out into the fields—woods—barn, &c., it was suggested, "You had better put an end to your troubles, by taking your life," &c. In this way I was buffeted by the tempter for many months.

There was one place, on a high hill in a field, to which I used to resort to read and pray. There stood there a young thriving Mulberry tree, and a Locust stump under it, on which I sat and read. In this way I continued to be exercised, sometimes happy, and then again doubting my call to warn sinners. One Sunday morning, in 1833, I was very much troubled concerning my call, and reflected over the past, what I had seen—heard, and experienced; and casting my mind around me and beholding how many unconverted sinners were going down the broad road into the lake of fire, my heart was moved afresh and drawn out in their behalf

more than ever before. With such feelings, I went up to the hill before mentioned, and kneeled under the Mulberry tree, holding the Bible in my right hand, and the hymn book in my left. With both arms extended towards heaven, I prayed, saying: "O Lord! thou knowest I want to submit to thy will. If it is thy will, that I should preach the gospel, I humbly beseech thee to give me a sign to that effect by means of this Mulberry tree. If it dies, I will go and preach. If it continues to live and thrive, this will be a sign to me that I shall not preach."

In two weeks from that day, I attended a meeting at the school house. On my return towards home, I went to the Mulberry tree to pray as usual. When I came to it, to my utter astonishment, the tree was dead. The leaves were dry, so that I could crumble them into small particles with my hand. Oh! it is impossible for me to describe the feelings I then had! When I saw the tree in that state, I went home. My mother stood in the front door as I passed it. Noticing that I had been weeping, she asked me to come into the house and eat. I said I am not hungry. I went to the barn. My father came to me and enquired, what ailed me.

I related to him my experience, exercises of mind, &c. We both wept. Father said, "If you feel it to be your duty to preach the gospel, I will not stand in your way, and will give you a horse whenever you feel disposed to go."

Some time after this, I went with brother Joseph M. Hershey on the south branch Circuit and delivered exhortations. In the spring of 1834, at an Annual Conference held in Greencastle, Franklin county, Pa., without any request from me, I received license, bearing date April 10th, 1834, to preach the gospel. My first appointment was on the Lebanon and Lancaster Circuit. I traveled as an itinerant, on different Circuits, for six years. During my last year's labors, I preached forty three sermons in four weeks. I have the consolation, to believe, that it was not all in vain. I know some persons, in whose conversion I was made instrumental, and although I have left the traveling connection, I still preach in a local capacity. I located in consequence of indisposition of body. My health is not sufficient to allow me to travel. Since my location as a minister, I have preached over one hundred times in a year.

I will here relate some matters and things,

which occurred at a camp meeting, held on Jacob Hous' land in Virginia, August 28, 1828. I was there at the time. Fathers Newcomer, and Guething, and brothers W. Brown, W. Rinehart, with some other preachers, attended it. Newcomer preached on Sunday morning to a large congregation. When speaking, he wept like a mother over the corpse of her darling child. His words were attended with unusual power. Guething followed with exhortation. Newcomer requested brother Brown to preach in the afternoon. Brown hesitated, saying that he felt himself too unworthy. Newcomer said to him, "Take up the cross. We will pray for you."

When Brown had read his text and commenced to preach, Newcomer prostrated himself upon his knees behind Brown on the stand, and with uplifted hands, prayed to God, for Christ's sake, to bless brother Brown, and enable him to preach. The congregation, seeing Newcomer in that attitude, were melted into tears. At the same time, I heard a roaring like wind above me among the trees. I looked up, but saw no appearance of wind. Suddenly, something came over the people, like a whirlwind. They fell over from their seats in the altar and out

side of it. The cries of mourners, struck by the power of God, became so great, that Brown's voice could not be heard. Singing—praying—and many conversions took place. Newcomer, in his Journal, p. 319, says, "We had a powerful time at this meeting. Bless the Lord."

I have had some hard trials from my unconverted comrades; but I could freely forgive them all. For they knew not what they did. My greatest trials, however, came from those who pretended to be brethren in a *Christian Church*. I pray the Lord not to deal with them as they have dealt with me. Times were formerly very different from what they are now. The old fathers kept the Church out of the world. But since they have fallen asleep, the world has crept into the Church. I was accused once by a brother preacher as being out of place, for preaching againt professors of religion following the pride and foolish fashions of the world. He said to me, the "pulpit was not the place in which to say any thing about pride."

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

During a time when I was preaching in the woods where Salem church now stands, from Ecclesiastes 11:3, latter clause, "And if the tree fall

towards the south, or towards the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be," P. Miller, one of my hearers, jumped up from his seat and walked away. Reflecting over the text, he became deeply convicted, and after a while returned to his seat. His wife also got convicted at the same time from the same words. Next day they sent for me to come to their house. When I came there, Mrs. Miller was lying in bed in great distress of soul. I asked her, "What is the matter with you?" She replied, "Your preaching yesterday convinced me that I am in a lost condition, under condemnation." I said, "It is right and good, that you should see and feel your lost state," and encouraged her to pray to God. I then sung and prayed with her and left.

The next evening, in company with another brother, we visited her again, and whilst engaged in singing and prayer, she was blessed and made happy. Her husband had not yet obtained religion, and had some doubts respecting his wife's conversion; but shortly afterwards, became satisfied, that she was a true convert, and requested me to preach in his house, not far from Greenvillage. An appointment was made accordingly.

Now, Miller was one of those kind of men, who are always full of fun, taking pleasure in playing tricks and raising a laugh at the expense of other persons, on every opportunity. At one time, old Mr. Spahr, father of Caspar Spahr, with other persons, were collected in front of Mr. Jacob Snyder's tavern in Chambersburg. At that time the street had not been piked. There was a large mud hole filled with water in front of the door. Miller mounted his horse in order to ride off, and reached out his hand and took hold of Spahr's hand, who was standing near to bid farewell. While in the act of doing this, Miller's horse, either through a wilful motion of its rider, or from some other cause, made a sudden spring, and Miller pulled Spahr into the mud hole, causing him to fall flat on his face. He then rode off, laughing in great glee. The next time they met at the tavern, Miller had to treat Spahr to a *horn*, which put all to rights again.

Miller, being a character of this sort, it was looked upon by the people as a wonderful thing, that such a man of fun and tricks, should have religious meetings in his house. So when I came to fill the appointment, there was an overflowing gathering of people, and great were the

wonders as to what was to be done. I preached as usual. Under this sermon, several of Mrs. Miller's sons by her first husband, who were now grown up and married, got under conviction. I then continued to preach there at regular intervals. During these meetings two of Mrs. Miller's sons, with their wives, were converted, and the work spread throughout the neighborhood.

C. Miller, son of old P. Miller, had meeting in his house. One Sunday I went there to preach. During preaching, a grand daughter of P. Miller began to cry out for mercy, and was blessed. Six other persons remained on their knees in prayer. The former shouted victory, the latter cried aloud for mercy, which created not a little stir in the house and, as C. Miller had not yet been fully initiated into such things, he took umbrage at them, and refused to have futher meetings in his house for some time after this. But, upon more mature reflection on the subject, and being convinced that his wife had obtained religion, he got into great distress of soul, in consequence of his conduct in stopping the meetings. He began to pray day and night. It appeared, as if he had had a hard conflict with the devil.

For one Sunday, being in great agony, he was walking about his farm with a large stick in his hand, striking the fence with it; then again, with rapid motions, cutting it through the air and whirling it over his head in all directions, as if striking at an object. Some lookers on said, he was fighting with the devil. In this way he went on for some length of time, until finding that this kind of carnal weapon warfare, did not bring peace to his soul, he threw himself into a fence-corner, groaning in spirit and lay there until he got the victory. After this, outward religious demonstrations did not disturb him. He became a pious and useful member in the Church, and is now living in Richland county, Ohio, near Mansfield.

RIBS BROKE.

On one occasion, I was riding in company with Christian Huber, towards Waynesboro', Franklin county, Pa. On the road, about eight miles from Chambersburg, we stopped at Mr. Jacob Whitmore's house. When I had dismounted from my horse, C. Huber said to me, "The shoe on your horse's hind foot is loose." The shoe was hanging with one nail only. I lifted the horse's foot, intending to take off the shoe. At the same time the horse made a sud-

den jerk backwards and threw me upon a sharp edged fence rail, which was resting with one end upon the fence, and the other end upon the ground. In the fall, five of my ribs were broken; two of them from off the breast bone; two in the middle of my side, and the other one about three inches from my back bone. After I was helped to the house, I drank a pint bowl full of cold spring water, mixed with a handful of rye flour. This I did several times before I left. I replaced my ribs, and then rode back to Chambersburg, stopped with old Dr. A. Senseny, and told him my situation—intending to tarry with him over night. He said, "If you stay over night, you will not be able to get home for five or six weeks. You had better go home as fast as possible." He gave me a few rolls of Oxecrocium.

When I arrived at home, the parts injured became more sore. I could scarcely draw my breath, and with great difficulty dismounted from my horse. After entering the house, I found that my five ribs were all out of place. I set them to rights again, and applied large warm plasters of the Oxecrocium to my side, breast and back. During the night I took several more drinks of water and rye flour. The next morning brother

David Oaks came to see me, and said, "Dr. Fahnestock requested him to inform me, that unless I was bled an inflammation would take place in my body." I replied, "I don't want the Doctors to take the blood from out of my body. I need all my strength of body to enable me to sit in a chair. For I cannot lay down in a bed;" and added, "I have no fears about mortification taking place. The water and rye flour I took will prevent that, as it causes the blood to flow through the urine." This remedy I learned from a physician in my young days. It has often proven effectual in similar cases, in which persons have been injured inwardly by falls, bruises, &c. I mention it merely to show that simple remedies will frequently answer the purpose and prevent much pain and affliction. It was eleven weeks before I was perfectly cured of the injury I had sustained. I applied no other remedies than those before mentioned, and became strong and hearty as usual.

About three years ago, I was bitten in the hand by a mad dog, and fearing that hydrophobia would ensue, I applied to Mr. John Senseny, now residing on New England Hill, Chambersburg. He gave me a medicine which prevented any further injury. I would recommend

persons under like circumstances, to apply to him, as he has a certain cure for the bite of a mad dog.

ABOUT PREACHERS.

It is frequently asked why preaching generally is not now accompanied with the same demonstrations of divine power, as it was in former days. Among other reasons for this, the following may be assigned as one:

In former times, God's ministers preached the word as it was given to them by inspiration. They trusted in God for help, and his Spirit seconded their efforts to the conversion of souls. But now preaching is done, IN MANY INSTANCES, through indoctrinating, borrowed and artificial phrases. *Flowers in the distance*, foreign to the wants of the hearers, are employed. They give them dry—stale—moral disquisitions, frequently *heterodox*, mixed together with *orthodox* phrases, the import of which the preacher himself does not understand. Such preaching leaves no room for God's Spirit to inspire the heart. The head being filled with memorized abstractions from other men's productions, and they having no substance in their own hearts, wherewith to feed the sheep, and fearful of losing the track, they hold on in a mechanical way, heedless whether it suits the congregation or not.

Thus such men go on, until their borrowed ideas are spent, and the people are not profited. And often when another preacher holds forth through *inspiration*, accompanied with divine power to the hearts of the congregation, these mechanical divines become jealous of their own *fancied glory*. They try to traduce—keep back—put down—crush—and *annihilate*, if possible, the more useful instrument, and by all such, and other means, they obstruct the cause of God. Pride and self esteem are the ruling principles in their hearts. The Spirit of God is not in them. He does not work through them. They are not called of God to the work to which they have *aspired*. The old and present *true gospel* preachers obtained their credentials for the ministry through *gospel religion*. But now, in this present day of refinement, some aspirants to clerical orders have *crept* into a *clerical* coat through the mere *cabbaging* of other men's ideas. Such exist upon *borrowed capital*, having no ballast of their *own* to keep them afloat; for which reason also they become mere drones in the Church. All true divines preached and still preach for the benefit of souls. That was and is their sole object and aim. But now, preaching is followed by many as a busi-

ness, by means of which to procure a livelihood, while, at the same time, souls are perishing under their unconverted ministrations. These are some of the prevailing causes, why preaching, in many cases, is not accompanied with the same power as it formerly was.

I do not wish to be understood to intimate, that there are no real gospel preachers in the present day. I know there are some, who are called of God to the work, and are preaching in the *good old way* with success. They are doing much good, and it is through them, that the spirit of true religion is kept alive in the Church. Were it not for such men, piety would long since have died out, and the Church become a mere form, without the power. I would most sincerely exhort all true ministers and brethren in the gospel, of every denomination, to hold fast to the old "land marks," and not to diverge from them one inch, notwithstanding the opposition that may be waged against them by the would-be *new light* aspirants to the gospel ministry.

At a meeting held near my residence on one occasion, brother Newcomer preached in German, at 10 o'clock, A. M. After he had closed, brother Jefferson, a Methodist preacher, follow-

ed in English. In his discourse, he related a circumstance worthy of record. He said, "that in the State of New York, at one time, there was a certain man nearly one hundred years of age, who desired his descendants to assemble with him on the very day he would become one hundred years old. For this purpose, he summoned them to meet him at a certain place, at that time.

Accordingly, his children, grand children, great grand children, and other relatives, composing no small number, met him as desired. They all went with him to a field, where there was a very large tree standing. He requested them to stand under its branches, and then, with an axe in hand, approached the tree, saying, 'that he was going to chop it down, so that his descendants could say in after times, that their father had felled a large tree on the very day he became one hundred years of age.'— At the instant in which he raised the axe, in order to make the first cut in the tree, the following words were impressed upon his mind with great force, viz: "But the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed.' He made a sudden pause, and asked the bystanders, 'Whether such words were to be found in

the Bible?' at the same time repeating them. He was told that the words were written in the Bible, Isaiah 65: 20, latter clause. Upon receiving this information, the old transgressor dropped his axe, and falling upon his knees under the tree, began to pray, crying aloud for mercy.

Seeing their aged progenitor in this situation his descendants became deeply affected, and some of them knelt in prayer with him. After some time spent in this way, the old man got religion, under the same tree which he had intended to chop down, on his one hundreth birth day. But inasmuch as he was cut down himself, and raised up again, his descendants and relatives left the tree standing as a memento to future generations, that their ancestor was converted under it on that self same day. This circumstance being of such an extraordinary nature, produced a deep religious excitement, principally among old sinners, so that a great revival of religion took place, and many old and young converts were made, and added to the Church of God."

CONCLUSION.

On this first day of March, 1858, I am seventy-six years and one month old. About forty odd years of this time, I have endeavored, in my weak manner, to preach the Gospel, as recorded in part in the foregoing pages. During twelve years of this period I acted as Presiding Elder. By my first wife I had two children, as stated in Chapter XV. On the 27th of October, 1857. I was married the second time, by the Rev. Daniel Funkhouser, to Mrs. Susannah Grove, widow of Mr. Abraham Grove, deceased.

During my pilgrimage thus far, I have met with much opposition in my religious course; at the same time, however, there have not been wanting true brethren and friends, whose kindness and sympathies cheered me on the way; for all of which also I feel truly grateful. Still, some of my good brethren in the ministry, it *appeared*, had more sympathy for me than others, which was evident from expressions openly made, some years ago, in the Chambersburg Annual Conference, by a good brother who wished me in heaven before the good Lord thought proper to take me there. No doubt, the wish was well meant. But it seemed as if the brother was very anxious to get the old local

preacher, "Huber," out of the way, or out of the Conference. At another time, like expressions, in regard to myself, were made by a brother preacher at Orrstown camp meeting; and how more frequently it has been done, I am unable to state. So far, however, the strengthening grace of God has been my support through all my trials, and through the same grace, I still feel myself bound for the kingdom of God above.

THE END.

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